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NOTICE: Lord Hugh Cecil's sixth article will appear next week.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is to be hoped that all who this day will compulsorily be released from work will remember that this is not a holiday but a fast day, and will act on the remembrance. Bank holidays in London are indeed always depressing, but not in the sense of subdued sobriety that befits the sad and solemn function of this great day. We shall not hesitate to call it a great day, for the majestic "going home" of a mighty Queen, great in greater qualities than power and pride of empire, is too striking, too tremendous an event, not to stamp this day, we cannot say with a *white* mark, human frailty is not equal to that, but certainly with a purple. The violet which the King has commanded that all funeral decorations shall assume as the symbolic colour of to-day's ceremonial perfectly fits the occasion. It suggests spring and another life: it suggests the Imperial purple. For private persons we are in favour of the simplest possible funerals, and the severest restraint in the show of mourning; but the demise of the Crown differs *toto cælo* from any other death. As a great national event, one that our children shall remember and our children's children hear of, it is right and fitting that it be stamped on the national memory by the pomp and pageant of a great funeral. But still the real significance of all this "circumstance" will be that in this instance it speaks the bare and absolute truth: it is not, as so often it must be, a necessary hypocrisy.

When the course of public business is again resumed with the meeting of Parliament on 14 February, the King will perform the function of opening its proceedings in person. This is a practice which has been in abeyance for fifteen years, and it is not without a certain loss that such a ceremony should be allowed to become obsolete. We show elsewhere that the personal initiative of the Sovereign has in many respects disappeared, not wholly without disadvantage, as we think, to public life. It is in the department of legislation that the connexion of the Sovereign with the State has become least intimate, and it is not desirable that Parliament should constantly meet without the King's presence, as if it were accepted that he no longer

formed an essential part of our legislative machinery. There were physical reasons for the non-performance of the ceremony by the Queen which do not exist in the case of the King. It was a sort of physical inability in George I., his difficulty in speaking English, that led to the Sovereign ceasing to attend Cabinet Councils.

The German Emperor is the busiest Sovereign in the world, for in addition to the ceremonial duties of a crowned head, he performs those of a Prime Minister and Field-Marshal. For two weeks already the Kaiser has remained away from his kingdom, in a house of mourning, helping with his advice, and cheering with his sympathy. Not only has the Emperor put aside his own State affairs, but he has had to endure much anxiety about the state of his own mother's health. The British nation will never forget what William II. has done, and there are few Britons who do not feel as if the German Emperor had laid upon each of them personally a debt of obligation for kindness and support in the hour of affliction. It may be that national alliances depend upon community of interests rather than upon personal affection. But a strong predisposition in favour of a neighbour does not injure the prospects of political co-operation.

A discordant note has been unfortunately struck amidst the remarkable demonstrations of foreign peoples on the death of the Queen which must give rise to very painful regrets. The mourning of the Court of Holland bears the impress of being dictated by mere regard to etiquette, and to have been stinted to the lowest possible point consistent with decorum. We may account for it to some extent by the awkward conjuncture of the young Queen's wedding festivities with those of our own Queen's obsequies; but it appears to us that the Queen of Holland has hardly done what the Queen of England would have done in such circumstances. Postponement of the wedding and the attendance here of the young Queen would not have been too much to expect. Whether the necessities of Boer politics are answerable for this, or the egoism of youthful happiness, we may regret for the young Queen's own sake that she has not associated herself more closely with the nation's and her own family's grief. The nation would have felt keenly the picturesqueness and the pathos of her presence near the grave of our Queen.

The grace and kindly feeling which have prompted so many Royal and distinguished foreigners to attend

the funeral in person is in one case, it must be said with regret, equalled by as much want of grace in the mere thought of not staying away. It is as consistent as insolent in the Duke of Orleans to have proposed to be present. We have not in our mind the Duke's private designs on England, which he has so carefully made public in sundry patent schemes for the invasion of our country. That does not matter. But we do remember his letter to the editor of the "Rire;" neither can we believe that a man, and perhaps a foreign nobleman as little as any, is requested to take his name off London Clubs for nothing. The Duke did not consider that the trappings of to-day are not a hollow form, and that it is precisely respect for character that they mainly represent. Queen Victoria's death destroys the Duke's only chance of rehabilitation—personal forgiveness by the Queen herself.

In the words spoken and written on the greatness of the Queen in character and position there must needs be recurrent emphasis on certain attributes; but her work was so thorough and continuous, her rule so extended and her great qualities exercised through so many years that few speakers or writers do not amid the repetitions bring out some unnoted trait. Lord Rosebery in moving a resolution of sorrow at the death of Her Majesty before a special court of the Governors of the Royal Scottish Hospital marked one altogether unique virtue which had been lost to the councils of Great Britain by the Queen's death. Apart from her talents and brilliancy, and merely by her personal knowledge of all the important ministers and public men of the era, she possessed a fund of knowledge which no constitutional historian or politician had at his command. She had been the co-labourer of all these men and helped by her great memory she had learnt what they had to give. Her person at once supported the continuity of the national policy and gave to each minister in turn a fund of reserve wisdom which was of incalculable benefit to himself and the nation. In his peroration Lord Rosebery spoke of how "under her auspices we climbed the ascending path of Empire for sixty-three years;" and as if in witness of this Imperial growth Lord Strathcona rose to second the address.

In spite of the comments of a few French papers which have made themselves notorious, it may be said that the papers of the world have paid a unanimous tribute to the greatness of the Queen. President Loubet in conversation with an English politician spoke with satisfaction of the tributes of "admiration and respect" paid to the Queen and of the homage done to the sorrow of the English nation by "the French Press worthy of the name." The different nations have not unnaturally adopted different points of view. To France the goodness of the Queen's character has made the strongest appeal. The American papers have principally concerned themselves with the greatness of her position in history, though it is worth notice as showing the hold she exercised on their affections that Americans habitually spoke of her not as Queen Victoria, but simply as the Queen. In Germany the nation has latterly been chiefly occupied with the political effect of the Emperor's visit and his friendship with Edward the Seventh. Austria-Hungary has followed the German lead. But though these different points have been emphasised by different nations, the Press of the whole world—excepting those papers, in President Loubet's phrase, not worthy of the name—have shown an unaffected reverence for the Queen as woman and Sovereign such as no death in history has ever evoked.

We knew that Mr. Dickinson, the chairman of the London County Council, was ambitious, but we did not credit him with taking quite such a long view as that which he announced last Tuesday. He summoned a special meeting of the Council to pass an address of condolence upon the Queen's death, and of congratulation upon his accession to the Throne to His Majesty the King, because as he said, "We have heard of a good many kinds of precedents being established, but I have had to consider as a matter of precedent for the

future what formality should be observed by this Council upon an event of such importance as the demise of the Crown." His precedent seems to us original. No one can hereafter accuse Mr. Dickinson of being a courtier, for we doubt if His Majesty will relish the compliment.

We cannot congratulate the drapers upon their patriotism or their good feeling. Without waiting to learn what period would be commanded for general mourning, they chose to assume that it would synchronise with Court mourning, and burst into a loud and undignified wail over their ruined trade. As a matter of fact it is a short three months for the public. We trust that the King will not listen to the impertinent petition that the year for Court mourning should be curtailed. These tradesmen have bought in the autumn large stocks of coloured goods, which are now much depreciated in value. Does not a similar misfortune happen almost every day to all who deal in merchandise, or, for that matter, in stocks and shares? How is the case of the drapers worse than that of a man who has bought corn or sugar in an adverse market, or who invested in South African mines before the war? The late Queen reigned over us for sixty-four years, and surely our tradesmen need not grudge so small a sacrifice.

The wording of the proclamation of the King in the Colonies is of considerable historical import. At Pretoria Major-General Maxwell proclaimed Prince Albert Edward "King Edward the Seventh, of the United Kingdom, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, Supreme Lord of and over the Transvaal." The point is that the King is not King of the Transvaal but Supreme Lord of and over it. In a similar way he is not King of India but Emperor of India. His titular Kingship is solely in reference to the United Kingdom. Until now there has been no immediate reason for a change of title; but if Disraeli found any good cause for giving to Queen Victoria the additional title of Empress of India, there is triple cause to-day for linking in name as well as in fact Australia, Canada, Natal, and other colonies to the King of the United Kingdom. Edward the Seventh should be King not only of Britain but of Greater Britain. Names and titles are not to be despised in international politics.

In more than one of Lord Kitchener's despatches conclusions have been briefly stated—premises almost totally omitted. He is not a man prone to jump to conclusions without due cause and his uncompromising brevity gives a sort of confidence; but it remains that at no time in the war have we in England had less definite means of knowing how the war is likely to progress than at present. The last despatch is satisfactory in so far as it shows that General Knox is still after many weeks in touch with De Wet. An engagement was fought within forty miles of Thaba N'chu, though with what result we are not told. De Wet has twice previously shown a peculiar liking for this part of the country and has apparently journeyed far from the north to reach it. It is probable that Lord Kitchener has further reasons than the mere fact of this southerly march for attributing to De Wet this second attempt to enter Cape Colony. De Wet is a dogged leader of men, and it is clear that his only hope can lie in fomenting disloyalty in Cape Colony. But the effort may be his ruin: his strength lies in our ignorance of his intentions and as soon as these are narrowed down, the problem becomes definite. It appears that he has shot another peace envoy: such extreme severity does not mark strength.

One of the results of the death of her late Majesty has been the suspension of the negotiations between the United States and Great Britain over the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. It will be remembered that Senator Morgan had brought forward for discussion in the Senate the Conventions made with Nicaragua in regard to the construction of the canal and had moved that there existed no obstacle to carrying out these Conventions by reason of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. If this motion had been adopted it would have meant that the Senate disregarded all international courtesy

in coming to such a decision while the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty modifying the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was under discussion by Great Britain who had not yet sent her answer. Fortunately the Senate shelved the question for the time, and the Senate must be silent in the meanwhile until Lord Pauncefote and Mr. Choate have received their credentials. Moreover the present Congress terminates on 4 March and probably we shall not hear much more of the discussions until a new Congress has been elected. But as far as Great Britain is concerned there is no hurry.

Count von Waldersee has transmitted to the Ministers a plan for evacuation but he states that before this can take place the Chinese Government will have to make a start at least towards fulfilling the conditions of the Peace Treaty. He speaks of "the actual infliction of punishment as demanded by the Diplomatic Corps" being a sufficient start in the matter "combined with agreement to pay the war indemnities." The forces would then be withdrawn from Peking and Pao-ting and the number of troops in Pechili be reduced. Tien-tsin and the neighbourhood of Shanghai would however be occupied until China showed herself capable of keeping order and until the indemnity proposals have been approved. Moreover there would remain the troops necessary to protect the Legations and to garrison various towns and railway stations; "and the command of the whole force should annually rotate between the nationalities." All this shows that even if the plan is approved only a very partial evacuation is contemplated as possible.

It will be noticed that Count von Waldersee does not speak of the punishment of death. That is a matter upon which it seems impossible to get the Ministers to agree; and the United States, Russia and Japan oppose the capital penalty in the case of three of the most notorious persons Prince Tuan, Tung-fuh-Siang and Duke Lan on the ground that the Chinese Government is at present unable to inflict the punishment deserved and that it is useless to demand it. Nor can the Dowager-Empress be lured into accepting terms to induce her to return to Peking. She will not consent to be bribed by an annuity, and residence where she shall please provided she gives up her hold on the Emperor: and will not consider any proposal until all foreign soldiers are removed from Peking. As we have seen Count von Waldersee's evacuation of Peking depends on other conditions than those of the Dowager-Empress; though his proposal may be a step towards showing her that this ought to be arranged. Li Hung-chang is stated to be suffering from fever and his life despaired of; and two other negotiators have been appointed to assist in the negotiations on behalf of the Chinese.

The debates in the Prussian Diet are of very special interest at present owing to the pitched battle which is taking place over the doctrines of Protection and Free trade, though the particular point is whether there should be an increase in the protective duties on agricultural produce. The Germans are at the parting of the ways, and the dangers of the transformation from a State of which the chief occupation is agriculture, to one in which the manufacturing and trading interests become predominant are only too real as our own history has shown. The agrarians dwell on the depopulation of the country districts which will result from the decline of agriculture, and contend that only by increasing the duties can the agricultural community be maintained in prosperity, and the military strength of the Empire secured. The Radical argument is that the peasants would not be benefited because the benefits would go to the landlords. That of course depends on the ability of the peasants to make terms with their landlords. In England the Rating Act has been reproached with the same vice but no tenant-farmer believes that this is the result. The German Radicals also prophesy a war of tariffs with Russia and the United States; and an outburst of popular indignation when the public realises what the effect of an increase of the corn duties would be. If the agrarians are successful we shall at least be able to test the value of the similar arguments to which we are accustomed here.

We referred a fortnight ago to the movement said to be contemplated by Greece, Roumania and Turkey with the object of checking the aggressive action of Bulgaria which was threatening to disturb the peace in the Near East. Further information shows that both the Greek Government and the Porte are taking measures together to defend if not their common interests at least to conserve an interest which neither of them wishes to see pass over to a Greater Bulgaria. Both they and Austria have reason to fear the growth of Pan Slavism under the auspices of Russia. Turkish troops are being concentrated in Macedonia and the Porte is placing large orders for war material in Germany. It is a distinctly new element in the situation that Greece and Turkey should be preparing to act together in preserving peace, and their understanding would be for the benefit of Christian and Mussulman in Macedonia. Russia and Austria equally profess a desire to maintain equilibrium among these troublesome neighbours; but Russia has always the misfortune to be suspected. The Greeks, Roumanians, and Turks acting together may somewhat check Slav enthusiasms.

Why naval engineers should feel themselves aggrieved at not being called "executive" officers is a problem incomprehensible to those outside their own ranks. The only sense in which the word "executive" is understood in the Navy, is a special and technical one. It is the trade-mark used to denote that branch of the naval services the members of which in due course succeed to the command of the ship in order of seniority. The engineer branch is not competent professionally for this duty. If the word "executive" is to be used in its general sense, then it ceases to have any meaning at all and must be dropped, for the duties of every branch are executive in its own particular department. Another grievance, and this is not confined to the engineers, is that only executive officers are permitted by law to sit upon courts martial. It is impossible to view this distinction in the light of a privilege, for it is generally regarded by the executive officers concerned, as a disagreeable though necessary duty. In the interests of the service is a change necessary? Is any alteration to be based on the ground that under the present system justice is not done, or that it is required for the purpose of satisfying the sentiment of officers of other branches?

Lawyer or layman will reply, the first ground is good, the second bad. The power to punish is delegated for the purpose of securing the administration of justice and is not conferred to enhance the prestige of any one branch at the expense of another or to satisfy the aspirations of individuals. Demand for change must come with no uncertain voice from the whole body of the service amenable to courts martial, including the rank and file of each and every branch. It is not a matter to be decided by the officers alone. But even if it is conceded that other than "executive" officers are to be represented on courts martial, what is to be the proportion of representation and will it affect the issue? Probably not. Under the present system sufficient weight is given to expert opinion by calling witnesses when wanted. There is therefore no need for change on that account. We cannot see that the engineer is any more aggrieved than the ship's cook in not being entrusted with a duty which has no immediate connexion with his profession, and the public in estimating this grievance should look solely to considerations of justice for those alone concern the interests of the service as a whole.

When "news investigators" like Mr. Turnbull have no more sense than to bring actions for libel when cross-examination reveals that the charges made against them are in all material respects true, we do not feel much confidence in the cleverness and good faith with which they obtain and put news before the public. Mr. Hawksley's description of Mr. Turnbull's methods of obtaining news in a dishonourable manner by bribing a servant to betray the secrets of his employer was proved on the plaintiff's own admission to be absolutely true. It is unfortunate for a newspaper when its agents

have been shown to have had dealings like those of Turnbull with Wallis, but the "Daily Mail" proprietors deny that they know anything of Wallis or of the means by which Turnbull was procuring information from him, and they assert that they never authorised payments to be made to Wallis. This denial should remove any suspicion as to what after all is the really important public question raised by this action, the means which newspapers are prepared to sanction in procuring information which shall confer on them that supreme journalistic distinction of being the first in the field.

The Marylebone Constitutional Union has displayed political judgment on a scale quite exceptional for local political associations. It has substituted Lord Robert Cecil for Mr. J. R. Diggle as Chairman; thereby obtaining an unusually good presiding officer and getting rid of an unusually bad one. The Marylebone Conservatives are to be congratulated upon securing a Chairman who by his name, his connexions, his own ability, and his legal training puts at their disposal services of a calibre far beyond anything of the kind that can usually be commanded by local political bodies. It is a good omen and a useful precedent when a public man like Lord Robert Cecil, is willing to undertake such thankless and very often actually distasteful work. It should do something to raise local politics in London out of the ruck in which they have lain so long, we had almost said, out of the mire in which they have so long wallowed. Mr. Diggle too may be congratulated, for he has now one opportunity less for making mischief and splitting hairs. After his conduct in going behind a resolution of the Constitutional Union, passed at a meeting over which he himself presided, he can hardly be surprised that the Marylebone Conservatives should wish to make a change. It is to be hoped that Mr. Diggle may for once show a little wisdom and, suppressing ill temper, sensibly take this as his political quietus.

We cannot congratulate those who guide the affairs of the London and Globe Finance Corporation upon their skill or tact. Having got the petition for compulsory liquidation withdrawn, their obvious policy was to get the issue of the reconstructed company underwritten, and accepted by the shareholders. The way to get a business through is to be conciliatory, and make friends not enemies. But the pilots of the London and Globe have steered straight for the rapids of a law suit, and the whole reconstruction scheme is in imminent peril. Underwriters do not like uncertainty, and many of them have withdrawn. London and Globe shares have fallen to a nominal price of 2s., and the creditors seem to be in a worse position than ever. All this might have been avoided by a little common sense, and avoidance of blustering.

The feature of the Stock Exchange during the week has been the see-saw movement of American rails. The fluctuations in Milwaukees and Northern Pacific Commons, according as the deal is reported "on" or "off," appear quite irrational. But the excellent traffic returns for December and January show that the intrinsic merits of the market are unchanged. If anybody doubts whether American rails have yet reached their proper level, one or two instances like the following should suffice. A 4 per cent. preference stock is surely worth from 70 to 75; yet Erie Preference hover round 64 and 65. A 5 per cent. preference stock is certainly worth 85; yet Southern Preference stand at 74. There has been a rise of over 3 points in Southern Ordinary, and as the period of March dividends approaches, there will be an advance all along the line. The West Australian market recovered briskly after the Lake View meeting, Lake View Consols rising to 6½ and Ivanhoes to 7½, the opinion being that Kangaroos have seen the worst. Although the position of De Wet is obviously becoming more desperate every day, South African shares are still in the doldrums, while West Africans are merely steady. Home rails have been dull, and especially the Southern lines, though the Sheffield dividend was rather better than expected. Consols on Thursday were at 97.

SIC TRANSIT.

IT is after the funeral that the bitterness of death is felt. While the body is still with us, we do not feel that the dead is really departed. We are none of us spiritual enough to realise that the body is but matter; that it is no more a person; that as matter it has no longer even a necessary connexion with him we have lost. As Christians we believe the soul lives, we know not where, we know not how; but we cannot feel, or very few of us can feel, that the departed is as much with us, is as near us without the dead body as with it. This may be in some way a relic of paganism, it may be in part a superstition, probably it is but the persistency of environment; but whatever its origin, the feeling is too strong for science or religion to oust it from human nature. It is when this visible memory of the dead is finally put away that the consequent void makes us feel what death, the separator, has done. It is with public as with private life; all this week we have not realised that absolutely the Queen is gone. We know the fact that she is dead, as we may know a fact in history; but we do not feel her absence as we shall do in future. Her name is too constantly before us, too ceaselessly iterated in our ears; the bustle, the preparations, all the circumstances of a great funeral crowd out the sombre reflection that must come with the morrow. On Monday morning, when the pageant is all over, the last "Dead March" played, and nothing more in which Victoria plays a part to come, we shall wake to the truth that the Queen is dead. Who does not know the pain of returning sorrows which sleep has put from us for a season? We shall then realise that we must go on without the great continuing factor in her life of the last half-century; that we shall be without the great personality that more and more, as time went on, became the one point in which the scattered and in some ways centrifugal elements of the British community met; that we have lost by far the greatest conciliatory force in our constitution; that the Queen was the element in English life that actively attracted most foreign nations and, we believe we might say, absolutely the only element that did not actually repel many. We shall feel too that we have lost in sentiment; unable any longer to point our children to the Queen, unique in the length of her reign and the dignity of age; that V.R., the only official symbol of royalty most of us have ever known, is effaced; the greatest of our household words become a term of history; that the eponymous heroine, as in not inconsiderable ways the creator, of the Victorian era is dead. These are sad and sobering thoughts; but they must be faced. Despondency is cowardice, but not less so is the optimism that shrinks from distress. Let us like men look our loss in the face; the pain be ours that we may learn "the moral of the strain."

We have no doubt, we know English people too well to doubt, that many when they have taken their fill of to-day's pageant, will over a specially good lunch arranged to follow descant on the vanity of human life, the emptiness of ambition, and so forth. While someone, the scholar of the party, will probably reproduce the old tag we have put at the head of this article, and gain a great reputation for apposite classical learning by doing so. We, on the other hand, have taken it as our text mainly to show that it does not apply, that all such pretentious moralising, seldom not hypocrisy, is conspicuously out of place. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, is an admirable motto enough for the State funeral of monarchs, and there have been at least two or three men who have maintained splendour out of their people's hunger, who have won glory and left a spent nation, whose influence was a ghastly simulacrum melting to dust at the touch of death. In such cases public mourning and a splendid funeral are but the courtly way of marking the public joy, till a decent interval can lend it proper decorum. But has it not struck our moralising friends that they have been attending a purple and not a black funeral? They miss all the significance of the violet crown this city has for once put on. They fail utterly to appreciate the instinct which guided the King to command that violet should be the only colour for mourning decorations. It is just because the glory has

not passed away that purple becomes the proper colour of to-day's pageant. However sad, this is a purple day; it is Victoria's "last and queenliest progress." It sets the nation's seal on a great life, and it is not false to the nation's faith. Splendour in life and happiness in death. On such a record black decorations would have been an outrage. It would, at best, have been a miserable surrender to a natural human weakness, ineradicable, we have admitted, but not to be cherished. The choice of violet for the funeral colour is an appreciation of the great Queen; it is also a symbol of Christian hope.

And the more soberly one examines the situation, the more clearly one sees how little continuity is broken. In that sense indeed, the superscription of this article is appropriate enough; it is literally true. From mother to son the crown passes without even a thought of friction; the policy, the attitude, the position of one passes over to the other. No one doubts that the King will, as solemnly he undertook before his Great Council, tread in Victoria's footsteps. Seldom can a sovereign on accession have been so favourably placed for the preservation of continuity. He has had a long training in the best school; nor is there any movement in the internal politics of the country likely in the immediate future to strain the Royal tradition by the demand for a revision of attitude. His Ministers, and especially the Prime Minister, are exactly of the quality to assist continuity. We do not see that anything of the Queen's work will perish with her life. In one way she will be even more powerful after death than before. Her example, in life a potent moral inducement, now acquires the force of most sacred obligation.

"Victoria, hail! for thou art living yet.
O Queen of England; thou art mighty still.
Pray thou from paradise that God may will
That on our King thy star may never set."

THE POSITION OF THE ENGLISH CROWN.

IT would appear from the tone of some of our weekly reviews and daily newspapers as though they understood the maxim of constitutional government to be that the King must submit to be lectured at wearisome length with irrelevant copybook moralities, the only point of which is the utterly offensive assumption on the part of the writers that such advice in their opinion is necessary. They may suppose these violations of good taste, in saying in print what would be impossible to be addressed in any other form to the person to whom they presume to offer their advice, have something to do with the liberty of the subject and that the King has no longer the privilege or prerogative of claiming to be treated with ordinary decency. It is probably as good a measure as any of the extent to which the ancient prerogatives of the Crown have disappeared in our day, that we are not likely to hear of these offenders appearing before the Privy Council to answer a charge of *lèse majesté* founded on the innuendo contained in their dissertations that the King needs to be taught the elementary duties of his position. Now if the King seeks redress he must seek it in the ordinary courts that have survived all constitutional changes and have received the imprimatur of Parliament, his rights will generally be found to have become pretty strictly defined either by judicial decisions or by legislative acts, and if the procedure is in some respects different and perhaps somewhat in his favour, yet on the whole he is very much on the same footing as any of his subjects. We are not speaking of the administration of the ordinary criminal law, where the King's name is used in every prosecution, but of his appearance in the civil courts as what may be called an ordinary litigant though in legal phraseology it would not be permissible to speak of him as plaintiff or defendant; but these are the niceties of an old theory of the prerogative which are of little importance. The main idea is that in such legal matters definition and restriction have done their work through the centuries; and in a similar fashion a like process has been going on in the wider sphere of legislation and

government. The undefined powers of the Crown, by which in the main government was carried on in the early ages of our history, gradually assumed the form of a body of custom which had arisen out of the struggles between the king and the various orders of his people. Charters and Acts of Parliament defined still further their relations to each other: precedents were accumulated as to rules observed in the ordinary routine of government or in the extraordinary crises of the State; until at the time of the Revolution of 1688 the point had been reached when the main results of the struggles could find expression in the Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement. In a rough form they are the nearest approach to a written Constitution that we possess, and they fix with sufficient precision the place of the king as a permanent official in a Parliamentary system who succeeds to his office by inheritance but in a line clearly defined, and who can claim no proprietary interest in his crown. He continued to be a legislator but his influence over legislation, except so far as he brings it to bear on ministers through his personal experience and wisdom or in whatever indirect modes are socially at his disposal, is now reduced to the utterance of an old formula "*Le Roi le veult*" which constitutional authorities are agreed can no longer be withheld. That is the result of the changes in the electorate, the cessation of the possibility of manipulating members of Parliament on the part of the Court through bribery and corruption by means of office, place, and pension or pecuniary gifts; and especially of the theory of ministerial responsibility which has been worked out to its utmost issues as the party system has developed. In theory the King is so far from merely sharing in the executive and administrative acts of State that he is the original and only source of executive authority; but in practice he does nothing without the intervention of his ministers. As head of the army the Queen in 1867 abolished purchase in the army by warrant, acting under the provisions of a statute of George III. This she was constitutionally entitled to do on the advice of her ministers though the House of Lords had rejected a Bill with the same object; refusal, in case of the ministers' persistence, which in a matter of such importance may be assumed, would have meant resignation, and if the new ministers advising the Sovereign supported her views and were defeated, then we should have what has been unknown so long, a conflict between the Sovereign and the Legislature. But it seems very undesirable that the Sovereign's acquiescence in the executive acts of his ministers, and their nomination of appointments to official positions should come to be assumed as a matter of course as is done in the case of legislation. There may still be occasions when the Sovereign might render service to the nation by refusing to accept his ministers' nominations, and putting them under the necessity of first strengthening themselves with the opinion of Parliament, if they are not prepared to accommodate matters with the Sovereign by adopting his views. Evidently this is a direction in which the Sovereign would have to walk warily, or he would easily go too far and be suspected of the general intention of seeking purposely to extend the limits of the Crown's constitutional action. On the other hand the power of dismissal in the case of one important class of functionaries, who in olden times had immense influence in supporting the prerogative, is neither left to the Sovereign, nor to his ministers as his servants. We refer to the judges; and the danger from the King or his ministers dismissing them at pleasure, in order to have the Bench at their disposal for favouring the executive against the subject, is met by the provision of the Bill of Rights which enacts that the judges can only be dismissed upon address of the two Houses of Parliament.

The separation of the King from party politics has been rather the result of an accident than of political design, as it was in the case of his personal irresponsibility when acting on the advice of ministers in executive matters. We hear of the Sovereign sitting in the Privy Council where his acts are only of a formal nature; but it was not until the reign of the first George that he ceased to sit in what we now know as the Cabinet and

influence decisions directly. It is a curious illustration of the casual growth of much of our constitutional law that the practice ceased because the King did not understand English, and his example of abstention was constantly followed afterwards with two or three unimportant and exceptional attendances.

In the region of foreign affairs, too, the part the Sovereign takes has become less, except as he influences them indirectly by family alliances and his personal qualities. Since the reign of George III. the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is always present at interviews between the Sovereign and a foreign minister; and from Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" it appears that all letters addressed to the Queen and the Prince Consort by foreign princes were shown to the Foreign Secretary or Prime Minister. Of the moral influence of the Crown in foreign and home affairs it is not necessary to say anything as recent events have caused this side of the subject to be very much discussed. The doctrines as to the Crown that remain most unaffected by modern changes are those relating to the allegiance of subjects to the King and to treason, and to the differences between the domestic relations of the King and his subjects. It is through them that the King stands out as specially representative of the State in his own personality, and there is no place for the ministerial substitution which has changed the character of the Kingship in so many other respects. They introduce us to a large body of technical law which cannot be dealt with here. We shall only mention in view of the interest attaching to the subject of the present Queen Consort that her elevation to the throne does not alter her character as subject though she has certain privileges. In respect of her life and person the law of treason applies to her. When the disabilities of married women as to property and control existed she was free from them. Provision is made by statute for her maintenance and she maintains a separate Court with her own officers and legal advisers.

ENGLISH IMMIGRATION INTO SOUTH AFRICA.

THE elements of the South African situation which now confronts us are these. Out of a normal European population of 900,000, 450,000 are Dutch, 400,000 are British and 50,000 are foreigners. In the Cape Colony which alone contains more than half the total European population and the Orange River Colony the Dutch have substantial majorities, while in the Transvaal, Natal, and Rhodesia the British outnumber the Dutch. But the mere numerical superiority as indicated by these figures does not by any means express the effective preponderance of the Dutch inhabitants either for military or political purposes. Owing to the fact that the British settlers are as a rule collected in towns and engaged in commerce and mining, while the Dutch are scattered over wide and sparsely populated areas where they live by agriculture and stock raising, a given number of Dutch colonists has a tighter grip upon the country both from the point of view of the rifle and the ballot-box than an equal population of British origin. We have put the numerical majority of the Dutch over the British inhabitants at 50,000. This may or may not be the actual figure, but it is not a matter where hair-splitting exactness is necessary. The plain fact is that under existing conditions the Dutch population outweighs the British, and unless the latter are speedily reinforced by British emigrants the Dutch preponderance will become more firmly established in each succeeding year by mere process of natural increment. The theory of a year ago was that after the war the Dutch and British would shake hands and settle down to the business of developing South Africa—a task in which the settlers of the two races ought mutually to supplement each other's efforts. This theory must now be abandoned. The last year has been a period of disillusionment. First an obstinate and unreasonable resistance has been opposed to the military pacification of the late Republics. That is in itself a comparatively slight matter; since the source of the

continued resistance of the remains of the burgher forces is ignorance, and the inability of the British Army to crush this resistance is due to physical conditions. But during the period that our army has been struggling with the difficulties created by enormous areas, barren plateaux, and sparsely populated mountain regions, a stream of books and newspaper articles has brought before us a volume of evidence the broad conclusions of which it is impossible to reject, however much the accuracy of particular details may be impugned. The acts done, and the words spoken and written by both the educated Boers in the Republics and the Afrikaner leaders in the Cape Colony during the last two years are now before the English public. Of these acts and words as a whole it is sufficient to say, that they make it impossible for us any longer to entertain the cherished belief in the essential loyalty of the Afrikaner leaders, or the associated belief that the younger and better educated of the Republican Dutch would recognise that the cause of England was the cause of progress and good government. In short, we must admit that the assumed partnership of the Dutch and British colonists in the political and industrial development of the country is an exploded myth, and that henceforth we must depend upon British colonists alone to make and hold South Africa.

But under existing conditions—that is to say, so long as they remain numerically and effectively inferior to the Dutch—the British colonists can do neither the one nor the other. In the face of this situation England will be compelled upon the completion of the war to adopt one of two alternatives. She may determine to hold down the Dutch, or country population, for an indefinite period by a military administration, confining the rights of self-government to the practically British population of the towns and mining centres. If she does this, she will break away from the traditions of a century, and abandon the principle laid down by Fox, that the only method of retaining distant colonies with advantage is to enable them to govern themselves. That is one alternative; the other is to employ all the resources at her command both public and private in reinforcing the present British population in South Africa by immigration. It is enough to place these two alternatives side by side. The latter must be chosen; and the only question that remains is to determine the precise methods and means by which the required immigration is to be brought about.

Fortunately in the matter of colonisation we are, so to speak, on our own ground. During the thirty years that succeeded the Battle of Waterloo the energies of the English people were very largely employed in this very enterprise—with the results that are now apparent in Canada and Australia. At this period systematic colonisation was pursued both by State aid and private enterprise in Canada, South and West Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony. Military settlements were established, companies were formed for the purchase of lands and the establishment of emigrants upon them, and individual emigration was stimulated by State aid in various forms. In South Africa not one but all of these expedients must be tried, and where the resources of the Colonial Governments or of private enterprise fall short, the Imperial Government must be prepared to supplement them with grants or guarantees; for the matter is too important to permit of cheese-paring. If we put the cost of the war at £100,000,000, and ask ourselves what sum we might reasonably be expected to pay as an insurance against the recurrence of so costly a disaster, we have a rough measure of the sum which the Imperial Parliament might legitimately vote for the settlement of British immigrants in South Africa. In forming plans for the execution of this great national duty—for the reinforcement of the British population in South Africa is nothing less—there are certain conditions special to South Africa that must be borne in mind. In the first place the labour basis is not European, as it is in Australasia and (mainly) in North America, but native; and in the second, owing to the peculiar system of the Boer cultivators—a system which may be described as an application of President Kruger's principle of "something for nothing"—vast areas, which should admit of profitable cultivation in

small holdings, have been impoverished or neglected, and are in their present condition unsuitable for settlement. From these conditions it follows that working men, other than skilled mechanics, can find no prospects of a livelihood, while the land areas which are at present suitable for small farmers are limited in extent. Nevertheless, it is just this class, the agricultural settler, that is most required; and it becomes the first business of the Imperial Government, acting in conjunction with the several colonial administrations, to see that this limited area is speedily extended. In other words large areas, naturally capable of cultivation but now barren and uninhabited, must be converted into agricultural lands by irrigation, water storage, and light railways. There is nothing impossible in this; nor should we hesitate to do in South Africa for our own people, what we have done with such success for alien races in India and in Egypt. In 1899 the Indian Government expended a sum little short of £27,000,000 on irrigation, and found that the result justified the outlay even from a financial point of view. What the Anglo-Indian engineers have done in Egypt to extend the cultivable area of that country is a matter of common knowledge. The irrigation service of Egypt is so efficient and so well established, that one or more of its officials could be spared for service in the country which Egypt has already supplied with a Kitchener, a Milner, and a Girouard. While as for the natural aptitude of the soil and climate of South Africa as a whole, it is enough to remember that almost every variety of temperate and sub-tropical plants can be grown, and that the range extends from the vineyards of the Western Province of the Cape Colony to the sugar and tea plantations of Natal. Moreover in respect of pastoral pursuits the South African farmer can add the raising of ostriches and Angora goats to the familiar horses, cattle, and sheep. It is only the ignorance and unprogressiveness of the Boer that has made South Africa so backward in the primary industries of agriculture and stock-raising.

Among the various precedents for reinforcing the British population in South Africa there is one that ought not to be overlooked. The Canterbury settlement, by which the province of New Zealand so-called was colonised, was one of the most successful efforts of British emigration. In this settlement a considerable element of the emigrants were cadets of county families. Why should not special opportunities be offered to the younger sons of country gentlemen to settle in South Africa? Their education and associations would make settlers of this class valuable socially in a new country, whilst their familiarity with country pursuits would make them able to adapt themselves readily to their new existence.

FEBRUARY 1-2, 1901.

(On reading over the first chapters of the "French Revolution.")

IN seeking for some companion picture to that of Queen Victoria's death, the reader of history hereafter may give up in despair and take a violent contrast in its stead. Contrasts are not quite wanting in our own history: for instance, there is the case of the Red King near the beginning of it. They laid his body, says map-maker Speed, "basely as God wot, but as necessity suffered, into a collier's cart, which drawn with one silly lean beast, through very foul and filthy ways, the cart broke, and there lay the spectacle of worldly glory both pitifully gored and filthily bemired." And Freeman: "No bell was tolled, no prayer was said, no alms were given, for the soul of the one baptized and anointed ruler whose eternal damnation was taken for granted by all men as a thing about which there could be no doubt." But perhaps Rufus is too far back to seem real enough for the present purpose; and besides, those old Chroniclers made between them such a confused jumble of everything, one telling story this, another story that, and perhaps none the right story, that it were better to come nearer our own time. There was the case of Louis XV. of France. Most wretched King, wast thou not at the beginning of thy reign known as a Well-

Beloved, "Bien aimé," and at the end of it as "The Unforgotten"? So much at any rate we may allow thee to have in common with our Well-beloved, our Unforgotten: that were not an exorbitant claim to make on thy poor behalf, Louis.

10th of May, 1774, was the day Louis ended. It is told of in the Memoirists, Madame Campan among them, who show how the Court waxed impatient, Louis lingered so unconscionably long: but for us of this country it is related in "History of the French Revolution" by Thomas Carlyle. Such an ending after such a life! Dauphin and Dauphiness—little recking what theirs might be by and by—wait at a safe distance for the news that must come soon now: priests grow hoarse from chanting their to-order parrot-prayers. Hours spent waiting must have seemed leaden, terribly protracted, but it comes at last with a sort of rush through corridors and apartments, they say, and forthwith Court flees. "The Louis that was lies forsaken . . . abandoned to some poor persons and priests of the Chapel Ardente . . . the new Louis is rolling towards Choisy, through the summer afternoon: the royal tears still flow; but a word mispronounced by Monseigneur d'Artois sets them all laughing. . . . For the rest, the proper authorities felt that no Funeral could be too unceremonious. . . . Two carriages containing two noblemen of the usher species, and a Versailles clerical person; some score of mounted pages, some fifty palfreniers: these, with torches, but not so much as in black, start from Versailles on the second evening, with their leaden bier. At a high trot they start; and keep up the pace. For the jibes (brocards) of those Parisians, who stand planted in two rows, all the way to St. Denis, and 'give vent to their pleasantry, the characteristic of the nation,' do not tempt one to slacken. Towards midnight the vaults of St. Denis receive their own; unwept by any eye of all these . . . Him they crush down and huddle underground: him and his era of sin and tyranny and shame: and behold a New Era is come; the future all the brighter that the past was base." But enough and to spare of English Rufus or French Louis. Reader, contrasting these scenes with one that has taken place, that is not yet quite over, well may you say to yourself, could the same God be ruling, could the same human nature be moving men and women, councillors, kings and the common people, then as now? Here we have spectacle of divine woman passing to her rest after sixty-three years of laborious reign during which more than once all her people have risen up spontaneously to call her blessed. We have had the Hero as Poet and Hero as Prophet and Hero as Priest, and even Hero—we have him not to-day—as Man of Letters; and now see here the Hero as Very Woman. Herein was her history: she ruled benignly two-thirds of a century, we may say; she lived to see seventy-five descendants, children, grandchildren, and, even to the third generation, great-grandchildren; to take these on her lap and stroke their infant heads, and sometimes, alas, weep over their death in youth; she came to think of all her people as her children, their joys being hers and their griefs hers—most wonderful, most patriarchal in a way men have not known since very distant times. But her Archbishop, a man addicted to blunt speech, and of shaggy personality, but with the heart and brain of him very sound, summed up her and her life's work best in that saying "Thousands upon thousands are living better lives simply because there has been such a Sovereign on the Throne." Eulogy can go no further, when it issues from a man without cant, who will not lie at all. Her life as ruler, Queen Mother as we call her, belongs to her people; and the public pomp and glory of her Funeral. But into the last hours and minutes of her life, when the silver sands are all passing through the glass let no curious eye or mind peep. It is enough to know that the end was serene; and—life-long joy to those who gathered around—that there was a recognising of dear ones, and farewell. Reader, it may be that thou hast been taught to say that hard word; that thou too hast, stored in the soul's casket records of some last faint smiles of recognition, mute movements of beloved lips, looks of "Good-bye; remember me;" and these are not for any eyes or thoughts ever than thy own; only to be

taken out and looked at and handled as a gentle hand touches the wing of a gilded butterfly as a woman caresses a dove; now and then in the privacy of thine own chamber or among the solitary hills or by the murmuring sea. Turn the key on the casket that holds the priceless jewels of the heart; let no man see its contents; and as thou wouldst have men act towards thy dear secrets, so act thou towards theirs.

But look to the Pageant when it first moves near noon on this remarkable day 1 February 1901, the watching world beginning to be hushed, though it is not till to-day, Saturday 2 February, Holy Day, that we actually cease for a while going about our work-a-day affairs: not till to-day that workers on the other side of the earth stop, stand at attention—a thing, in this age of money-making, not very glorious toil and toil, scarcely less astonishing than that sun of Joshua's! For days past an army of workers have been preparing for this great Royal Progress across land and sea. In London the carpenter sort have been at work from dawn to dark, overseers anxiously urging them on, taking sometimes a hand at the tools themselves; police organising, drilling; soldiers and functionaries, of whose existence public never dreamed, actually rehearsing before light in the streets; and a constant running hither and thither in your State Departments where the placid depths ordinarily are hard to stir. And now what was Chaos has become Cosmos. They have got all into working order; the machine will go without any hitch. Stately and slow go its oiled wheels, and yet to those who look and look, and whose heart is in their eyes, it would seem almost to flash by compared to the rate these desire. Nay, go slower! Solemn music of massing bands, drum and fife, pomp and panoply of military funeral: never was nation more in the mood for such things. For, strange, and yet considering the world and they who possess it for a moment in the eternities, not perhaps so strange, this does begin and will end a soldier's pride. She who loved peace passionately, did much to pour her healing oil on troubled waters of the world, dies whilst war in her own dominions drags on, is by her express command given a military funeral. In a world where so much is so topsy turvy, dim and most contradictory, this perhaps was only in keeping with an ordinary, extraordinary course of human things. Our comings into and goings out of this world, where for a brief span we stand a mystery to ourselves, "in the centre of two Eternities, of the Immensities—in the intersection of primeval Light with the everlasting Dark"—may well enough be strange after that great example of the Prince of Peace, carpenter's Son, born in a manger. So of all things it is a gun-carriage that bears the precious load down the short way to the ships. And then we put forth to sea. Could art have fitted in time and place and occasion as skilfully as fate has? For here is the Great Queen, Mistress of the Seas, passed on from warrior of the earth to warrior of the deep, from islet unto island through the lines of the mighty ships of war, decks manned, guns thundering out their last salutes, bands muttering their dead marches: no curious detail of naval etiquette or discipline wanting, as for example the order (which the civilian does not understand) that the men shall all wear "Number one rig." Is it not only characteristic of the human mind that at such a supreme time it should for a moment or two be distracted into wondering what "Number one rig" may be, or what would happen if some men presented themselves on deck not so arrayed? They fare on over the British Sea, as it truly is, and as they did actually name it of old, before the English exchanged sea for ocean. "Alberta" carrying the Bier all draped and so placed that men can see it when they crowd the decks; like the last barge voyage of lily maid of Astolat. The evening finds Procession safe in port, where through the winter night armed men keep watch and ward; they and the everlasting stars. Next morning the journey is taken up again, this the most memorable journey, surely, of any monarch since man first trod the earth and rode the seas. From harbour to haven. First swiftly through the land of the West Saxon, the light of whose Alfred, lit again this very year, is to show how these trading English can yet be greatly

moved by recalling their law-giver kingdom-builder of a thousand years ago. But to-day no man in this country of Wessex or Sussex, or out of it, thinks of old Alfred. One fleeting glance at the train that roars Londonward is all poor countrymen can hope to get. London wrapped up in itself, scarcely thinking that there are those outside who have claims to see too, must have the lion's share in this as in all. A million Londoners have vowed that they will see the Pageant to-day. So, long before light comes, the tramp, tramp is heard in the streets, men and women and little children pouring in towards the line of Procession bringing with them food to be braced up with; yes, and though, with nice horror of such vulgarities, the superfine may avert their heads—they deciding to fare daintily at home and roll on soft cushions presently to the costly window—sometimes, it must be confessed, with black bottles protruding from coat pockets. Well, that is the way with many of those your superfine will call not very politely the London Mob. They bring stools some of them, on which to stand; and from which presently perhaps to fall; and each short man longs that there had been added a cubit to his stature. "I must see it" is the burning thought stamped on London's anxious face. And, reader, it was a thing to be done to go and see this Procession, even if you were by the irresistible swaying of pack and press of human beings driven so far from the front that you could only sorrowfully raise a small handglass on high; then turn your back to the Procession and see it dimly in that. Stately and slow here as across the waters, but all too fast for those who watch from pavement, from window above window, from roof where a good bird's-eye view at the moment seems worth a king's ransom. A vast concourse reverently watching such a Pageant with uncovered head, with sealed or whispering lips—a rare sight that in the crowded cities of men. So much to note was there in this Procession, so little chance to note it well that—at any other time almost shocking to relate—Grand Duke, Arch Duke, even Prince of the Blood might pass unrecognised! The Carriage carrying the cor cordium of a nation, the King, the Kaiser, though, did make pictures on the brain which will not soon fade; which little children and rough hardened men, and women, worn to a shadow of their girl-selves by their daily struggle, will carry about as their own precious possession to the last. Grief and joy so mingled in this woe-stricken yet this half-triumphing procession that men could scarcely tell why they should wear sad clothes and looks at God's ingathering of His ripened crop; at the glorious passing through the Shades and across the Dark Stream of an heroic Queen, her work well done. But immemorial usage must prevail over man's obstinate half-rebellious questionings. Else who could hold us back from pressing forward to greet the new King, Cyning, our Able Man in whom we confide, and that German nephew too who rides at his side? Here again mark the ever-recurring contrariety of human nature. Coolly we should have thought of this same German had he been as we feel we should be—quite resigned at God's harvesting. Because he was cast down in spirit, left all his big bicentenary talk and sped over-sea to us as a brother in grief, we respect, why we love him at this moment. In one way not unlike that ancestor of his King Frederick I. Kaiser Wilhelm has a manner of moving about with much high ceremonial, great changing of clothes, and the like. Even now we have been reading of the bestowal of orders, insignia and what not, which ordinarily your man of realities, Napoleon, Bismarck, Cromwell, sets not much store by. But might not even plain ungarnished Sophie Charlotte herself assent to such giving and receiving at such a season, for they are outward and visible signs of good, honourable feeling which stirs just now hearts of kings and peoples alike? Prussian Sophie's "symbolic pinch of snuff" was a protest against flummery; "for she cared not much about crowns or upholstery magnificences of any kind; but had meditated from of old on the infinitely little." So her snuff-taking was just "a quiet protest against cant," had a "fragrancy of humble verity" in the midst of ostentations. But here there is no ostentation, neither royal nor other; rather

a noble emotion that sweeps through a nation and is as a cleansing fire.

Man, thou hast seen the Show to-day, and goest home full of thoughts of it. But what wilt thou make of it? What carry away for aid in the show-less times that, may be, are coming upon thee? It will be well if what thou hast seen to-day make thee look and look into Her life without wearying till thou hast learnt Her noble qualities, hast come to know that it is possible to suffer and yet not waver, to love the truth above all price, to discipline thyself in weal or woe. O man, grip tight then the lesson of her life: and serve thee it will by and by when stern the harvester shall come to cut and ingather thee.

NATURE IN THE YANGTZE VALLEY.

A SURVEY of the fauna of the country through which this mighty river flows must of necessity be brief and imperfect. Much of it is to this hour almost as unknown to Europeans as in the days of Marco Polo's famous journeys. And travellers making use of the river itself are usually far too much occupied in conquering the innumerable difficulties of navigation to be able to give much time to the fauna and flora of the Yangtze. In many places, too, notably in the huge mountainous gorges depicted by Mr. Archibald Little, the very nature of the country effectually debars the inquirer from making much progress in the study of Nature.

The vast lower reaches of the Yangtze teem with immense quantities of fish in pursuit of which, right away up to the foot of the Ichang Gorge, shoals of hungry porpoises follow for the purpose of obtaining a food supply. Huge sturgeon are also found in the lower reaches, and, occasionally, towards the coast, small saurians of the species known as *Alligator sinensis*, the Chinese alligator, a form somewhat resembling the caimans of tropical America. In the upper parts of the river, from the Ichang Gorge westward and northward, fish will be found to be much less plentiful, of smaller size, and in consequence a much dearer commodity than in the lower reaches, where fishermen are so frequently to be seen plying their calling. Trained cormorants are, as is well known, often used by the Chinese for the purpose of capturing fish; but it is not so generally known that the otter is tamed and domesticated for the same purpose. Mr. Archibald Little has described in "Through the Yangtze Gorges" the otter fisheries on the river near Ichang. The animals are tethered to bamboos overhanging the water and are to be seen, some playing in the stream as far as their chain will allow them, others resting on the bamboo to which they are attached. The animals are employed to rout out the fish from the river bottom and rock crevices and drive them into the net, in which fish and otter are drawn up together.

Upon the vast flats of the lower Yangtze, where lagoons, lakes and marshes are plentiful, immense congregations of wild fowl are to be found. These are snared in large numbers by the inhabitants. Many Chinese, by the way, seem averse to eating wild geese. There is a certain city in Shansi, known as Yen Men Kwan (Wild Goose Gate Barrier), which is so named for the reason that the wild geese in their northern and southern flight are in the habit of passing through the gates of the town. When the gates are shut the wild geese, so the Chinese assert, settle and wait till they are opened, before passing onward. It is certain that wild geese are credited by the Chinese with great intelligence, and, with the mandarin duck, are regarded as models and emblems of conjugal fidelity.

In addition to the fine Chinese goose (*Cynopsis cynoides*), familiar over much of vast Cathay and Eastern Asia, our well-known British grey-lag goose and the bean goose are found ranging as far as that country. Many other British species of wild fowl travel in winter as far eastward as China, among them the snew, the golden-eye, tufted duck, pochard, scaup, shoveller, wigeon, teal, and gadwall, as well as the whooper and Bewick's swans. So that the British gunner, shooting amid Yangtze marshes and lagoons, may be not

unlikely to bag some well-remembered bird of the Old Country. Chinese fowl snarers are far more successful than those sportsmen who affect firearms. The Chinese up-country gun is usually some fearsome arrangement, about twelve feet in length, having a huge bore an inch and a half in diameter, and carrying a charge of rusty iron. With this weapon the Chinaman creeps in on the fowl, sheltered behind a screen of rushes, which he pushes in front of him. Out of forty or fifty birds shot at, he may by good luck bag a couple, and the downfall of five duck is reckoned a good day's sport.

Wildfowl and pheasants may well be said to be characteristic of the avi-fauna of China. In the middle portions of the Yangtze Valley, although not all the splendid pheasants of China are to be found, the traveller may certainly expect to encounter the golden, the silver and Reeves' pheasant. This last species, notable by its immense tail, which attains five feet in length, bids fair to become, by reason of its splendid sporting capabilities and grand flight, a favourite in British coverts. Already it has been acclimatised and shot at Guisachan, Lord Tweedmouth's highland estate. Its relative the well-known ringed pheasant of China has long since become acclimatised in this country, and during the last seventy years has almost succeeded in ousting from its supremacy the old English pheasant. Reeves' pheasant, by the way, is to be found in the mountains opposite Ichang, on the Yangtze, and has been shot there by European sportsmen. In various parts of the country bordering on the western Yangtze may be found other notable pheasants, such as Lady Amherst's, the ringed pheasant (*Phasianus torquatus*), *P. decollatus* and *P. elegans*. Lady Amherst's pheasant is, by the way, chiefly found in the mountains of Western China and Tibet. It may be well to bear in mind the fact that the Yangtze rises in the far north of Tibet, traverses that country, and, after a southern bend to the upper regions of Yunnan, makes its way eastward right across the immense provinces which go to form Central and Eastern China. The Moonals or Impeyan pheasants, which are deservedly reckoned among the most glorious feathered creatures in the world, are found among the mountains of the western Yangtze region. Their splendid metallic plumage, varying hues of purple, blue and green, and notable crest of curled plumes render them always remarkable even among the most gorgeous of plumage birds. Of the common Moonal it has been said "There are few sights more striking, where birds are concerned, than that of a grand old cock shooting out horizontally from the hill-side just below one, glittering and flashing in the golden sunlight, a gigantic rainbow-tinted gem, and then dropping stone-like with closed wings, into the abyss below." Snow-pheasants—*Crossoptilon tibetianum* and *C. leucurum*—are, too, found along the western parts of the Yangtze, while of the magnificent fire-back pheasants more than one species is certainly to be noted. Of small birds the number to be seen about the Yangtze is innumerable, and would take a respectable book to catalogue. The traveller will assuredly notice a golden oriole, various swallows and martins, thrushes, larks, nightingales, minas, rock-tits, magpies (sacred among the Chinese), cormorants, many kinds of wading birds, hawks, falcons, kites and eagles. Snipe and woodcock are abundant in suitable localities. The commonest snipe are probably two of the "wire-tailed" species, *Gallinago stenura* and *G. megala*. True partridges are probably to be found only in the Tibetan regions of the Yangtze, where Hodgson's partridge and *Perdix sifanila* are likely to be met with. Bamber's partridge and quail are also to be noted among the birds of the Yangtze.

Turning to the more important fauna, leopards and tigers are to be found in the less settled regions fringing the great river. In the province of Szechuan the leopard is well known and execrated as a robber of pig-styes. The snow-leopard, famous for its magnificent coat, is found among the higher ranges bordering the Western Yangtze. Wild yak are to be met with in Kansu, a province north of Szechuan, but, unless occasionally in the Tibetan regions, it is to be doubted whether they are often seen near Yangtze. That splendid but formidable wild bovine the gaur (*Bos*

gaurus), although familiar in Assam and Burma, seems to be quite unknown to any part of China, as also are its allies the gayal and banting. Bears, wolves, wild boar, wild sheep and goats, lynxes, foxes, monkeys, and hares may be included among the more or less familiar fauna of the Yangtze river country. Although not much is yet known as to its precise distribution, it is probable that the small blue bear of Tibet (*Ursus pruinosus*) will be found at some future time in the upper regions of the Yangtze river.

Mr. Little speaks of a chamois-like animal—the Shan-yang, or mountain goat, found among the higher slopes of the Yangtze gorges. Very little seems to be known of this species, it may possibly prove to be a near ally of the goral of the Himalayas. Among wild sheep the splendid Tibetan argali (*Ovis ammon hodgsoni*) will be found to be a denizen of some portions of the upper Yangtze region. The biggest mammal indigenous to China is of course the elephant, still said to exist in the wild state among the forests of Yunnan. The Yangtze touches in its deep southerly bend from Tibet the upper part of Yunnan; and it is more than possible that elephants as well as rhinoceros and tapir are occasionally to be met with within hail of this part of its valley. The Sumatran and Javan rhinoceros are likely both to be found in this locality as in the neighbouring Burma and Siam. Concerning elephants it may be noted that the supply for the Chinese Emperor, used on State and religious occasions, has been steadily declining during several reigns. Among deer the fine white-muzzled Thorold's deer, found in the Tibetan regions of the Yangtze, a little known species of sambar from the province of Szechuan, and possibly one of the muntjacs or barking deer may be claimed as among the fauna of the Yangtze Valley. The curious Père David's deer (*Elaphurus*), found, strangely enough, only in the captive state in Northern China, seems to be unknown in the territory bordering upon the Yangtze river.

VERDI AND ITALIAN OPERA.

IN the death of Verdi we see the passing not only of a man but of a whole school of music. Whatever Italian music was during his lifetime, it is now nothing at all; with him it has ceased to exist. Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Puccini and Perosi—these men simply do not count. Ingenious publishers contrived to make a great deal of fuss about them for a brief while, and their achievements are even now sometimes given out of Italy; but none the less as great or original musicians they do not exist. Verdi was the Italian school; the Italian school was Verdi; and now there is no Italian school. Perhaps it is because he recognises this fact that Mr. Higgins has made haste to transfer the English nominal allegiance from the Italian to the French school. Anyhow, this is the most significant point connected with the death of Verdi.

When a really great man goes abroad from this spinning globe one feels at once the difficulty—nay, the impossibility—of summing up his work for many a year to come. No contemporary of Bach could possibly have foretold the meanings Bach's music would have for the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; that Mozart would be placed amongst the immortals would probably have seemed preposterous even to Mozart's most fervent admirers in his own day. Even now there are many who love Wagner and his music, and yet doubt whether he will in the future be regarded as one of the commanding figures of the nineteenth century; and on the other hand, there are some of us who are perfectly sure that he will be, and in addition know Wagner to contain much that is past our powers of perception, much that will be seen and felt only in a far later time. Has anyone any doubts whatever about Verdi? Does the content of his music overflow the narrow days in which he lived and worked, and stream far away ahead into the centuries not yet born? Will those centuries find in him anything that overshot us, unperceived by us, any new

beauty of melody or thought or emotion unfelt by us, and will the people of that time be able to explain to one another why we missed it as we explain to one another why the eighteenth century could not comprehend Bach? The answer must be decisive: No. One knows intuitively and absolutely that there is nothing in Verdi beyond the understanding of this his time. The very fact of his immediate and constant success helps to prove it: he has given the time just as much as it could grasp with nothing baffling or (as the critics said in turn of Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann and Wagner) "obscure" to annoy it. He was not a great creative artist; he was a competent workman and stuck to his job with commendable industry and regularity—not Anthony Trollope was more comically methodical; he knew what the public liked, or perhaps he liked what the public liked, and he gave it to the public, and he had his reward always with promptness. He does not stand amongst the mighty ones; his work, everything he wrote, began to wither from the moment it was first put to paper; and now when he is only dead a few days we can perceive how old-fashioned it is already grown. To set him up as an immortal, to place "Falstaff" and "Otello" with "Don Giovanni," the "Ring" or "Tristan," is to Verdi himself a very cruel injustice. Such hasty overpraise cannot but bring about an immediate unjust reaction.

He was like the painter of whom Mr. Binyon once said "he had the making of a really bad artist in him." Unlike Mr. Binyon's painter he was born into a sorry time in a sorry country. In Italy, when Verdi first began to write operas, an ignoble tradition was all-powerful. The pet composers of society and the general public were lady-like young men with scarcely enough energy to drive their quills over the music-paper. When their music became alive at all it was with a horrible vulgarity that is the only positive quality discoverable in it to-day. Verdi had to compete with these so-called men. His music, if he was to win in the game, had to be more languid and drawing than theirs, and when it became alive it had to be more vulgar than theirs. It is perhaps to his credit that he beat them only by a very little in the matter of loathsome would-be feminine weakness. He at any rate was a man; he never at any period was an effeminate scented creature of the Donizetti type. He worked at his task with an honest will. He desired to write successful operas. Beyond that he had no ambitions, and so was saved from the ruinous seductions of society. Moreover he seems to have been genuinely fond of good music, or so much of it as his native gifts and his unfortunate training permitted him to understand. All his life he inclined—he never pressed—towards the best he knew. But when one hears "Rigoletto," or the march in "Aida," or looks at the almost forgotten score of "Ernani," one cannot help asking oneself, What music did this man hear in his youth? What, indeed! I suppose he must have heard a little Mozart; but it may be doubted whether he ever heard an adequate rendering of a Beethoven symphony, or ever himself played a Bach prelude and fugue.

While Wagner was steeping his whole spirit in Beethoven and Weber, Verdi was listening to wretched light Italian stuff warbled by fatuous tenors to an accompaniment of an orchestra turned, as Wagner said, into a big guitar. When we consider that music in Italy never got better during all his lifetime, or that only his music grew better, the wonder is seen to be not that he developed so little but that he developed so much. At first he was hardly distinguishable from his rivals. But for the simplicity of character that kept him to a great extent safe from evil social influences, and for his touching desire to write music as good as he knew, and also for his virility, his music would not to-day be distinguishable from theirs. In his early music, as indeed in his latest, one looks in vain, not for an expression, but for so much as indication, of high imagination or profound emotion. These he did not possess. But he had energy and erotic passion, and so at last passed out of his Donizettian period to his finest opera, "Aida," where erotic passion and energy were the qualities most wanted. Some months ago I gave it as my humble but very firm opinion that

"Aida" was the work by which he would stand or fall.

Now I desire to modify that saying; for it is obvious that for some years he will stand and not fall by "Aida." But from day to day it is aging: there are dozens of passages in it that recall the crinoline as vividly as a Handel minuet recalls the periwig. As for his later works, "Otello" and "Falstaff," I cannot become enthusiastic about them. They are not a whit more advanced than say the "Trovatore" and they lack the "Trovatore's" freshness and force. When one looks closely at the forms, one finds they are the old forms not so firmly handled. They are scrappy, broken; whenever there is any real cohesion, continuity, to be found, the form is as hard and conventional as anything in the "Trovatore." The excitement about both "Falstaff" and "Otello" was wholly artificial: both works have been tried in London and elsewhere, and neither has aroused any but the slightest passing interest. Neither met with the opposition that met the "Ring" and "Tristan": those who did not like them maintained an attitude of contemptuous indifference. There was nothing to oppose. Mr. Boito took one of Shakespeare's masterpieces and one of the most wretched pieces he wrote for the occasion, "Othello" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; he tore and mangled them to suit Italian notions of an effective drama; and Verdi put some incidental music to them. They were not new creations: they were simply the old plays with all that was best left out. They have died the death, and I suppose when they are quite cold our opera Syndicate will scour Europe for the worst singers and mount them again at Covent Garden.

The man himself one cannot but like. He did not live a great life—there was nothing of Beethoven's magnificence and nobility of character about him, nor of Wagner's colossal energy, strength and indomitable courage; but he went his way quietly, persistently, doing kind things when the opportunity offered, and desiring nothing so much as to be let alone. Many an honest English tradesman has done the thing. One cannot admire such characters; but one feels charitable towards them and hopes that their end was peace. Verdi passed his days creditably, and devoted his last years to making what provision he could for decayed members of his profession. His life was a long one and, I should think, a happy one. His work was all done long ago and his death leaves me with no sense of irreparable loss. It means the death of the Italian school of opera; but that we can gladly spare.

I am sorry to see that the "Daily Telegraph" is taking the anti-English side with regard to Covent Garden. Mr. Lionel Monckton is so good a critic that I hope he is not responsible for two extremely foolish paragraphs steeped in the office-boy's sense of humour which appeared the other day. Although Mr. Messenger has been appointed head of our opera, although he has declared his policy in the "Telegraph's" own columns, and although that lamentable French opera "The Cid" is already announced for production, the "Telegraph" asks us to believe that Covent Garden has not been handed over to the French. I wonder what further proofs are needed! As for the argument that those who think "La Basoche" no better than some of our English light productions are convicted thereby of incompetence, I may perhaps suggest that "La Basoche," like any other work of art or attempted art, is a matter for taste and knowledge. I do not think highly of "La Basoche," nor of its composer; and I stick to my opinion that it will be disastrous if Mr. Messenger comes to Covent Garden. He and Mr. Higgins must in some way be made to understand that we English do not want a foreigner to direct our opera.

I repeat that there are plenty of men in England who are quite as competent to manage a great opera-house as Mr. Messenger. In fact it is my firm conviction that Mr. Glover, or Mr. Lionel Monckton, or the stage-manager of the Empire or Alhambra, or any one of a dozen Englishmen, would do quite as well as Mr. Messenger. But Mr. Messenger or Mr. Carré is not the point, as I have said. We do not want foreign

direction—that is the main point; though least of all do we want to be directed from the Paris Opéra Comique.
J. F. R.

THE HARBOUR OF DELIGHT.

HAPLESS the ship of fairest joy,

Plaything of Destiny!

There break no storms that may destroy

Her wraith,—Mnemosyne.

O, but her golden name I miss,

For in far days was she

Known by a fairer name than this

Sad name, Mnemosyne.

She now but o'er dream seas may glide,

I but dream havens find,

Till I go down to the dark tide

That leaves the world behind.

Spell-holden shall I step into

A waiting, mist-clad barque,

By strong cold winds be driven through

Dark, and still deeper dark.

Yet shall the light at last prevail,

The heart that held hope numb

Beat, as the emblems on the sail

Softly like voices come.

Then shall I leap unto the prow

And, bending downward, see

Storm-washed, mist-cleared, a name—but now,

No more Mnemosyne.

With quivering haste her bows shall break

Thro' seas that grow more blue,

I, who sailed dreaming long, shall wake

Within a dream found true.

The towers shall glow as if with fire,

Bright shine the sun, more bright,

Upon the land of my desire,

The harbour of delight.

The dead shall come down, hand in hand,

In welcoming pageantry,

Surging with hearts that understand

Fulfilment's ecstasy.

Then shall they bear me to a gate,

Fall back—and I shall be

Beyond the walls that baffle Fate,

Walls that encircle thee.

ALTHEA GYLES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE CHINESE POINT OF VIEW.—IV.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In attempting to lay before you a characteristic scene of Chinese life I selected for the purpose a community of peasants. I did so because it is there that I find the typical product of our civilisation. Cities, it is true, we have, and cities as monstrous, perhaps, as yours; but they are mere excrescences on a body politic whose essential constitution is agricultural. With you, all this is reversed. And for that reason you have no country-life deserving the name. On the one hand wastes of common and moor, on the other villas and parks, labourers poorly clad, wretchedly housed, and miserably paid, dreary villages, decaying farms, squalor, brutality and vice—such is the picture you give yourselves of your agricultural districts. Whatever in England is not urban is parasitic or moribund. If then I am to give an impression that shall be candid and just of the best results of your civilisation, I must turn from the country to the life of your great cities. And in doing so, I will not seek to win an easy victory by dwelling unduly on those more obvious points which you no less than I admit and deplore. Your swarming slums, your liquor-saloons, your poor-houses, your prisons,—these, it is true, are melancholy facts. But the evils of which they are symptoms you are setting yourselves to cure, and your efforts, I do not doubt, may be attended with a large measure of success. It is rather the goal to which you seem to be moving when you have done the best you can that I would choose to consider in this place. Your typical product, your average man, the man you call respectable, him it is that I wish to characterise; for he it is that is the natural and inevitable outcome of your civilisation. What manner of man, then, is he? It is with some hesitation that I set myself to answer this question. I am a stranger among you; I have enjoyed your hospitality; and I am loth to seem to repay you with discourtesy. But if there be any service I can do you, I know none greater than to bring home to you, if I could, without undue offence, certain important truths (so they seem to me) to which you appear to be singularly blind. Your feet, I believe, are set on the wrong path; I would fain warn you; and useless though the warning may be it is offered in the spirit of friendship, and in that spirit, I hope, it will be received.

When I review my impressions of the average English citizen, impressions based on many years' study, what kind of man do I see? I see one divorced from nature but unreclaimed by art; instructed, but not educated; assimilative, but incapable of thought. Trained in the tenets of a religion in which he does not believe—for he sees it flatly contradicted in every relation of life—he dimly feels that it is prudent to conceal under a mask of piety the atheism he is hardly intelligent enough to avow. His religion is conventional; and, what is more important, his morals are as conventional as his creed. Charity, chastity, self-abnegation, contempt of the world and its prizes—these are the words on which he has been fed from his childhood upwards. And words they have remained; for he has neither anywhere seen them practised by others, nor has it ever occurred to him to practise them himself. Their influence while it is strong enough to make him a chronic hypocrite, is not so strong as to show him the hypocrite he is. Deprived on the one hand of the support of a true ethical standard, embodied in the life of the society of which he is a member, he is duped, on the other, by lip-worship of an important ideal. Abandoned thus to his instinct he is content to do as others do, and ignoring the things of the spirit to devote himself to material ends. He becomes a mere tool; and of such your society is composed. By your works you may be known. Your triumphs in the mechanical arts are the obverse of your failure in all that calls for spiritual insight. Machinery of every kind you can make and use to perfection; but you cannot build a house, or write a poem, or paint a picture; still less can you worship or aspire. Look at your streets! Row upon

row of little boxes, one like another, lacking in all that is essential, loaded with all that is superfluous—this is what passes among you for architecture. Your literature is the daily press, with its stream of solemn fatuity, of anecdotes, puzzles, puns, and police-court scandal. Your pictures are stories in paint, transcripts of all that is banal, clumsily botched by amateurs as devoid of tradition as of genius. Your outer sense as well as your inner is dead; you are blind and deaf. Ratiocination has taken the place of perception; and your whole life is an infinite syllogism from premises you have not examined to conclusions you have not anticipated or willed. Everywhere means, nowhere an end! Society a huge engine, and that engine itself out of gear! Such is the picture your civilisation presents to my imagination. I will not say that it is so that it appears to every intelligent Chinaman; for the Chinese, unlike you, are constitutionally averse to drawing up an indictment against a nation. If I have been led into that error, it is under strong provocation; and already I feel that I owe you an apology. Yet what I have said I cannot withdraw. And I shall not regret that I have spoken if I may hope that my words have suggested to some among my readers a new sense in the cry "China for the Chinese!"

JOHN CHINAMAN.

LOYALTY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brownings, near Chelmsford, 26 January.

SIR,—The two excellent articles in your last number on "The Death of the Queen" and "Loyalty" should be read together for they each help to elucidate different aspects of the same problem. To what do we owe the idea of loyalty and why has it appeared in such varied forms throughout the ages?

If the Roman knew loyalty at all it was simply in the form of loyalty to the State, not necessarily to its head. By this definition Brutus might well have been more "loyal" than Mark Antony. Yet Dante places him in the lowest pit of Hell in the very jaws of Lucifer because he had been a traitor, not to his country, but to his Lord. Traitors to their country are according to him found two stages higher up. This is strong evidence of a growth in mediæval times of the idea that there was a personal loyalty due to the monarch. But it is the Emperor then *not* the King, against whom it is sin to revolt. He is the divinely appointed ruler of the world. Dante certainly held that a Republic had as much claim on the loyalty of its citizens as a monarchy. The idea of the divinity which hedges a king was much developed as feudalism decayed. The speeches Shakespeare puts into the mouths of his kings have their genesis in sixteenth century notions. Yet you are undoubtedly right in maintaining that feudalism supplied the root of modern ideas of loyalty. But the loyalty of feudalism was in the main the attachment of warriors to their chief. "Conquest begat the king." Such was the loyalty of his followers to William the Norman. If loyalty to the king had attained the high excellence in mediæval times it was subsequently accounted it is not easy to understand why Dante punishes Bertran de Born for inciting Henry II.'s sons to rebellion instead of for his disloyalty to his feudal chief.

Personal devotion to a reigning house seems to be a later development though its origin must undoubtedly be sought in the attachment of family or clan to its head. The passionate Jacobitism of Scotland is greatly explained by this, a feeling which in England was mainly religious. To the Guelph family there was no *personal* loyalty till the time of George III. The best Whigs were loyal to the idea of a constitutional sovereign and Scotland became loyal when, but not until, the elder Pitt sent his sons to fight for the new dynasty in America. The most passionate loyalty known to history is that of the Tyrolese in 1809. They had never seen Kaiser Franz, who indeed was an unattractive personality and he left them to their fate, but they fought for him and the Hapsburg tradition with a fury and tenacity never surpassed. Here of course

religion went hand in hand with patriotism and traditional attachment to a secular dynasty.

The loyalty of the Magyars to the great Empress had in it more than a touch of what you rightly call gallantry. Would they have been so ready to cry "Moriatur pro rege nostro" had they not been able to add "Maria Therese"? I doubt it, and the loyalty evoked by Queen Victoria was less dynastic than personal and patriotic. Her extraordinary career may have made it dynastic. When she came to the throne in many quarters even chivalrous devotion to the woman was wanting as every reader of the "Greville Memoirs" knows. During the last sixty years the existence of her family has become part and parcel of the Empire's development.—I am, yours, &c.

W. B. DUFFIELD.

P.S.—Allow me to thank the writer of the article on "Loyalty" for his eulogy of Byron. The three-quarters of a column of our latter-day poets cut a poor figure beside the four lines he quotes. "The English" said Goethe in 1826 "may think of Byron as they please, but this is certain, that they can show no poet who is to be compared to him. He is different from all the others and for the most part greater." "A character of such eminence has never existed before and probably will never come again." It certainly has not during the seventy-five years which have elapsed since Goethe spoke.

D. S. M. AND THE IMPRESSIONISTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Tyn-y-groes, Tal-y-cafn, R.S.O., N. Wales.

SIR,—We probably all agree with your contributor D. S. M. in his review of the Impressionists at the Hanover Gallery when he states that a "tyranny of the palette shows in their work" but in proceeding to say that "the unreasonable banishment of ochres and umbers from the list of pigments drives them to use emerald green (sic) or bright violet for a hundred subtle tints which might theoretically be composed from primary colours but in hurried practice are not," one finds this sound critic stumbling from what appears to show a lack of technical experience on this particular point.

Ochres and umbers are banished with reason because these pigments are not colours but impurities and therefore liable to indefinite results, and in practice one can more rapidly arrive at truth of colour without them than with.

The value of these brown and yellow muds has been enormously overrated in the past, probably because they are delightful to work, but if one were to modify a normal green with them, to arrive at the colour of grass or foliage under the majority of conditions of a God-made atmosphere the result would be foredoomed to failure, compared with work carried out on principles resulting from impressionist methods.

Difficulty is encountered at the outset in speaking and writing of colour from the vast range of sensations aroused by a single word, one speaks of grass as green the sea as green, red cattle, and red lips, it would appear that we generally use the predominating primary.

When literature confines itself to this principle and leaves the modification to the imagination of the reader I venture to think it most successful, the art recognises its own limitations. Paint is the vehicle for the expression of truth of colour to perfection and if we have a tree baldly stated as green, we are justified in objecting.

The aim of the impressionist necessitated his starting with the predominating primary put down at the right value, consequently you may always find portions of his work in a state of undiluted crudeness and the green or violet of such painting may be mistaken for a convention but it is not, and the remedy lies not in the use of ochres and umbers, a counsel of despair. Impressionism is misunderstood by most of the painters of our day and with the exception of D.S.M. the utter confusion of the English writers in the very use of the word has been for long too appalling to encourage hope of understanding.

The word was brought into use by Monsieur M. E. Chevreul director of the Gobelins dye works whose

lectures to French artists and designers on the decomposition of light commenced about 1840 if not before. His book on colour was translated into English in the fifties.

Muther in his History of Modern Painting gives the story of the application of the name to a group of exhibitors at Nadar's in 1871, but does not think this satisfactory, for a little later he states that the movement began about the middle of the sixties apparently because M. Zola had written on the subject at this period.

M. Chevreul constantly uses the word impression for the sensation which affects the optic nerve caused by the juxtaposition of pure tints of colour.

The principles of impressionism or colour sensation were talked of by painters in Paris and London in the fifties.

The Great Exhibition of 1851 showed French colourists and designers working in accordance with a well-defined set of principles, which apply to every art in which the choice and arrangement of colours is an element.

In 1859 Mr. S. Smirke, A.R.A., addressed a letter to Sir C. Eastlake which resulted in a set of tints being placed in the main corridor of the National Gallery with which visitors might correct their vision; it was advocated that exhibition catalogues should contain blank pages of pure primary colour so that the eye might be refreshed or brought to its normal condition by turning to a complementary primary after looking at pictures of a violent colour.

I do not know that any exhibition has yet been held which properly illustrates what impressionism is doing, the New Salon was largely composed of painters more or less consciously working on impressionist methods.

Monet's work must always be considered as painters' research work, and not be judged apart from this, as there is no society in England to appreciate such work at its right value, our need for understanding from writers on art is the greater.

How impressionism has affected drawing, values, and the whole point of view of modern painting is too long a story, that it is the greatest influence of modern times in the practice of painting probably since its earliest development can be shown.

I have the honour to remain,

Your obedient servant,
H. P. H. FRISWELL.

THE THIRTIETH OF JANUARY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Codford S. Peter, Wilts.

SIR,—There may be difference of opinion as to the advisability of the retention after two centuries and a half of the entirety of the service mentioned by Mr. Vivian, whereby the Church annually implored "the mercy of God that the guilt of that sacred and innocent blood" might "not be visited on us or our posterity." But no one dreamt in 1859 of the removal of King Charles' name from the martyrology of the Church, and the gross illegality whereby the printers have taken on themselves to strike out the Church of England's sole post-Reformation canonisation from the kalendar ought to be strongly resented by all who value "law and order," to say nothing of common gratitude. But for King Charles, as even Liberal historians have shown, there would now be, humanly speaking, no Catholic Church of England. This the Tractarians clearly grasped.

It seems to be very little known among Churchmen that a representative committee was formed two years ago to mark the 250th anniversary of the king's decollation, comprising several prelates, some leading laymen and theologians, and the honoured Miss Charlotte Yonge. It is proposed to restore for purposes of worship the (artificially) ruined church of S. Nicholas within Carisbrooke Castle, as a non-political and unprovocative memorial to "our own, our Royal Saint." This restoration would also be practically very useful. The Lord Bishop of Southwark is the chairman, and Mr. E. Almack, F.S.A., 99 Gresham Street, E.C., the

treasurer. I believe there is £600 or £700 in hand, but this is wholly insufficient.

In a pretty Prayer-book by my side, printed in the days of Whig darkness, the form of service is said to be for "the Thirteenth Day of January." Mr. Vivian will remember that Mr. Shaw Lefevre supposed the principal event in English history to have taken place on 30 December. And the Master of University in his *History of England* affirms: "He was beheaded before Whitehall, on the 29th of the month." Thus is history written!

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

SENTIMENTALITY AND THE SONG-BIRD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I hope that I abhor as much as you could wish any wanton destruction of "vanishing life;" and, if it is really true that albatrosses have been frozen out of an objectless curiosity to see how long they would survive, I can imagine nothing more detestable. Nevertheless, as regards some of the more frenzied of your contributors, I really do feel that refrigerants are, in the medical jargon, indicated. Your latest correspondent's calm implication that an edible song-bird is—*ipsa volucritate*—of more value than many fishes is amusing enough—Does he think because he is virtuous there shall be no more steak—and lark pudding?—but I hope you will allow me to express my serious persuasion of the great all-round harm that this kind of sentimentality does. One of the tenderest-hearted women I know has told me that she used, when a little girl, to help her brothers to catch and cook sparrows. She did not express any remorse—and, as for myself, I should have assisted as cheerfully at their ill-cooked banquet as at that of the toffee-makers in Miss Broughton's "Nancy." These children, it will be said, were not hungry enough to warrant the eating of small birds. Admitted, perhaps—but your correspondent's fisher-people certainly were—or they would never have been at the pains to pluck forty of them. In country walks with friends I have often expressed surprise that our peasantry never think of eking out their food-supply with the blackbirds that go hopping between the cabbages—I am heartily glad they do not—but, if they chose to do so, your correspondent makes me thankful to feel that I should not have the effrontery to pay them domiciliary visits of moral indignation. I am extremely fond of birds, and especially, as it happens, of their songs, but when I come across such a canting phrase as "God's sweet choristers" I confess that I squirm and sicken. I think of Matthew Arnold and the Bishop of Bristol—I think of Swinburne's phrase "the rancid religion and godly grease of the conventicle"—what I think of is no matter—but my unlettered friend, who does not think of all these fine things, and who is much more valuable to England than I am, feels it, after his fashion, just as I do. That kind of thing "puts him off"—and the cause at heart suffers accordingly. I do not mean that he goes out and is cruel to anything—it does not happen to be his line—those who have been with sportsmen in the field know how considerate they are of the creatures they make it their day's business to kill, but it tends to make him hard and contemptuous—just as I am in this letter. I offer myself up as a shocking example. Hard contemptuous laughter is not good for the soul, and woe to the sentimentalist by whom that laughter cometh! It seems to be the "song-bird" who is at the back of all this trouble and twaddle. What does your correspondent know of the relative sufferings of hooked blackbirds, eels on night lines, or snared rabbits? But then, rabbits and eels do not sing—and I suppose, on this showing, redwings and field-fares might be our legitimate winter prey while the thrush and blackbird are sacred! This fashion of out-running common sense and sobriety does harm in more ways than one. We should most of us, for example, be better advocates and practitioners of the

workaday virtues in which we all at heart believe if people in pulpits and elsewhere did not preach about them with all that unctuous prolixity—if they would be less eloquent and less immodest—if they would sometimes think of Stevenson's fine saying, "Be good yourself, make others happy." Our canting habits have not only helped to make us justly odious in the eyes of other nations but also daily drive the most genuine spirits into petulant revolt or half-remorseful ribaldry—send Byron into an exile beyond necessity embittered, or make J. S. Mill say naughty things, such as "To Hell I will go." I write at a moment when the newspapers, by cant, rant, and sentimentality of every kind, have been doing their ineffectual best to disgust every sensible decent Englishman out of his legitimate grief.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

I am, &c.

A. N.

ELEMENTARY TEACHERS AND UNIVERSITY TRAINING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eccles, 28 January, 1901.

SIR,—I agree with you that the average pupil-teacher is not in a position to follow profitably a University course at the end of his apprenticeship; but in considering a matter of this kind do we not take as a starting point the capacity of the best rather than the limitations of the average person? With regard to the former, Professor Withers, President of the Association of Principals and Lecturers in Training Colleges, said in his address to the Conference held last December: "From the central schools established by the best Boards there come students easily able to enter with advantage upon a University course and to take their degrees within three years of entrance" ("Manchester Guardian," 19 December, 1900) a statement borne out by the successes of Day Training College students. At the same Conference Professor Earl Barnes in recording his impressions of English elementary education said that in the last twenty-five years England had made the greatest changes any country had undergone in the world's history in connexion with elementary education, but he had not seen, with very few exceptions, a corresponding change in the normal training colleges. There was the same strange separation between the training centres for elementary education and actual elementary education that there was between school inspection and school management (*ibid.*).

I think that the extracts I quoted in my last letter show that elementary teachers feel the reality of this separation.

Till the abolition of the Results system, primary education was a thing apart—entirely departmental as regards both work in school and qualifications of teachers. With the removal of that hampering method of payment, elementary education became a part of education in general, and is now waiting to be linked up with the rest of the—the system.

But this process cannot be carried out thoroughly until elementary teachers have discovered what people outside their own body regard as education; and the highest conception of practical education should be found at the University. Thus the widening of the teacher's training would seem to be a necessary corollary to the abolition of the Results system. But while the latter change affected simultaneously all schools and teachers, the former must be a leavening process. We have however the nucleus at hand, trained in those habits of thoroughness and perseverance which are such excellent characteristics of our elementary education at its best, and waiting only for opportunity and guidance to enter upon a wider course than that now open to the majority of pupil-teachers.

I remain, yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Palazzina Castelli,
Via Ferdinando Bartolommei 6, Florence.
28 January, 1901.

SIR,—There appears to be another revolt in the Church; a small one, but still a revolt. It is not a revolt against the episcopal authority on the one hand, or against incense, postures, or non-communicating communions on the other; but against the alleged doggerel, sickly sentimentality, and religious eroticism which disfigure the popular hymn-book whose title appears above. To me the wonder is not that the revolt should have broken out, but that it should not have come earlier.

Piety and devotion are, it will be granted, necessary characteristics of a good hymn; be the *motif* of the hymn prayer, meditation, or praise. But a measure of dignity and reserve is also to be desired; while any departure from common sense, any drop into the fatuous, the silly, or the absurd, is fatal. And I venture to submit that there are some ditties in "Hymns Ancient and Modern" which no man (I say nothing about women) of average thoughtfulness can sing with a grave face. Let us see if I am not right.

The poetical imagination of several of these hymn-writers appears to be singularly and unaccountably metallic. Hymn 170 informs us that the angels are composed of gold. Cast-iron angels are not unfamiliar to us in provincial architecture, and possibly our poet considered it only right that in their heavenly sphere they should be transmuted into a nobler metal. To ascend in the hierarchy (with reverence be it written; that is, with as much reverence as one can command under the circumstances) we find it stated in Hymn 338 that the wings of the Holy Ghost are made of gold also. But another poet who is apparently a bi-metallist, assures the Holy Ghost in Hymn 210 that His wings are composed of gold and silver; though whether in separate portions, or in an amalgam, he does not state. The idea of the Godhead flapping and hovering about with the aid of such curiously hard and solid adjuncts to His Person is apt to strike one as materialistic. But a gold-winged Deity and His wholly metallic attendants can scarcely inhabit a purely diaphanous world; and so, consistently enough, as must be acknowledged, the celestial regions are described (in Hymn 227) as blazing and glowing with jasper, emeralds, sardiuses, topazes, and "amethyst unpriced,"—the latter detail, a somewhat excessive valuation, one would think, of a very cheap stone, being introduced, apparently, because it afforded a convenient rhyme to the word "Christ." The unrealisable appearance of the place in question, which is spoken of in verse 2 as a "mansion," is not rendered clearer to the unpoetic mind by the verse following its description, in which it is spoken of as an "ocean" without a shore.

Of course, the authority appealed to would be the twenty-first chapter of the Apocalypse. But here, at any rate, the metaphors are not so inextricably mixed; and there are critics who, remembering the Jewish authorship of the book, draw attention to the inevitable connexion between Jews and jewels. The Jew loved material splendour; we Gentiles find more beauty in green fields, and calm streams, and pearly skies. A gem-encrusted palace, which is also an ocean, with metallic inhabitants, would scarcely accord with either our comfort or our taste.

Secondly, it is no less true than shocking that the more sacred a subject is the more open it appears to be to the outrages of the hymn-writer. Take, for instance, the simple, pregnant word "Cross." How are we to think of it? We are all familiar with the lines—

"Bound upon th' accursed Tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?"

Hymn 105 speaks similarly of "the bitter Tree," Hymn 113 of "the shameful Cross," and Hymns 115 and 334 of "the cruel nails." Very well; having sung those hymns in church, I know that I have to think of the instruments of crucifixion as accursed, bitter, shameful,

and cruel. Judge, then, my perplexity, my amazement, when Hymn 97 is given out, and I am invited to sing these astounding words!

"Faithful Cross, above all other
One and only noble Tree,
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer can be;
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron,
Sweetest weight is hung on thee."

For sheer balderdash and sickening gush that verse would be hard to beat. The tree is thus at the same time noble, bitter, and accursed; the cross is both shameful and faithful; the nails are both cruel, and superlatively sweet. Could sentimental rant go further?

Other flaws, chiefly those of unconscious bathos, are scattered here and there through the collection. We all remember the bargain driven by Jacob with the Almighty, when he undertook to pay God ten per cent. upon his profits in return for his personal and commercial prosperity. This attitude of mind is reproduced with infinite naïveté in Hymn 365, which has already been referred to by a correspondent elsewhere:

"Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all!"

So that what we call a gift to God is really only a loan, to be repaid at a very much higher rate of interest than the much-abused patriarch was content with.

On what or whose authority, again, is Calvary described as a green hill? There is not the slightest scriptural authority for believing that it was a hill at all; while if the archaeologists are right in their identification of the spot itself, it most certainly is not green.

But I have already trespassed too largely upon your indulgence. One word more in conclusion. In Hymn 245 the Almighty is requested to "think upon" the Bible. Would it not be better if hymn-writers acted upon this advice themselves, and, taking scriptural phraseology as their model, avoided sentimental and foolish bombast in favour of the more dignified and solemn reserve of the sacred books?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
FREDERIC H. BALFOUR.

A MYTHICAL MISSING FIFTY-SIX MILLIONS STERLING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bromley, Kent, 31 December, 1900.

SIR,—In July last you printed a letter from Mr. C. W. Madge, of Calcutta, in which he alleged that £56,000,000 had been wrongfully paid by India to England during fourteen years, from 1870 to 1884, on account of military pensions. It may seem late, now six months after, to recur to the matter; but its importance, if true, is my excuse. And, I see in some of the Indian papers that Mr. Madge's statements are accepted as correct, and demands are made for the return to India of the fifty-six millions. I think the India Office and the Indian authorities are much to blame in not answering communications such as this when they are signed by reputable persons such as is your correspondent. If it be not officious on my part, I, an outsider like Mr. Madge, will give you some reasons why that gentleman cannot be right in his contention.

Since the details of the matter have probably escaped the memory of your readers it may be as well for me to give a summary of a transaction which, according to Lord Northbrook, has led to an overcharge on India of £4,000,000 (not £56,000,000), and to point out where probably Mr. Madge has gone wrong.

From 1861 to 1870 the Indian Government was paying to the War Office about £200,000 a year as their share of the army pensions.

In 1870 the purchase system was abolished. This reform was made the reason for the readjustment of

the sums due from India on pensions account. A plan was then adopted by which India's payment immediately became doubled, and rose steadily from year to year. The whole transaction, as Mr. Madge quotes, was stated by Lord Northbrook to be "a most complicated and extraordinary plan imposed upon India, under which year by year the actual pensions India was supposed to be called upon to pay in consequence of the abolition of purchase in the British Army was capitalised, and the capital value, year by year, was charged upon India by the British Exchequer. This arrangement lasted for fourteen years until 1884, and the effect has been an enormous increase in the charge on the revenue of India, an increase which was not less than £4,000,000 in those years for pensions, and so on."

It is the portion italicised which Mr. Madge has evidently misread. Lord Northbrook states that the total increase during the whole fourteen years was at least £4,000,000, not that it was £4,000,000 each year, or £56,000,000 altogether.

It is easy to see where Lord Northbrook obtained these figures. From 1870 to 1884 the pension charges amounted to £8,500,000. These enhanced charges were approximately double what they would have been under the old system. So one-half of the eight millions, or at least £4,000,000 was the additional amount paid to India owing to this financial arrangement.

But Mr. Madge, in support of his case, states that the home charges fell four millions sterling in 1884, after the arrangement of 1870 was rescinded. I can find no justification for this statement. From the statistical abstract relating to British India it appears that the home charges were at the same level in 1884 as in 1883, if the extraordinary payment of £1,000,000 to which I allude below be neglected. The exact figures are (pp. 91-92 Stat. Abs., No. 22):—

Home Charges, 1884	£ 15,030,195
" " 1885	14,100,982

Where did your correspondent get his figures?

To continue the history of the pensions. The Indian Government had frequently complained, without avail, of the apportionment of the charge, and had allowed its payments to fall into arrears. Early in 1884 it paid a lump sum of £1,000,000 as partial liquidation. But the Treasury itself found even its share a burden, and a new basis of division was decided upon. By this the Indian charges were immediately very considerably reduced, and fell that year from £472,000 to £36,000. What the Treasury said when it discovered that it had merely involved itself more deeply than before, is not mentioned! It is not easy at any time to reconcile India Office figures (arising largely from the fact that exactly the same things are not always dealt with though the headings may be the same), but that there was no question of £4,000,000 per annum drop is shown from the following figures:—

	Year ending 31 March.	Amount.
	£	
Payment to Her Majesty's Exchequer	1883	700,000
(Retired Pay, Pensions, &c., of	1884	1,800,000
British Forces)	1885	800,000
	1886	92,000

If the last readjustment was fair, as must have been the case, otherwise the Home Government would never have continued the arrangement, then India had been paying a very large sum of money to which, apparently, the Treasury had no claim. The surplus ought to have been returned. It has not, however, and no specific protest on this feature of the affair seems to have been made though the whole question whether there was any Indian liability for any payment at all has been frequently discussed.

Mr. Madge intersperses his comments with sneers at "the Congress faction in India" and jeers at their "pottering about details of expenditure," and so forth. Without going into the question of the wisdom or otherwise of their political views, I may say that the Congress leaders seem to me to have exhibited praiseworthy discretion in not following (or anticipating) Mr. Madge's singular misreading of an ex-Viceroy's observations.—I remain, yours faithfully,

EVERARD T. DIGBY.

REVIEWS.

THE POETRY OF IRELAND.

"A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue."
Edited by Stopford A. Brooke and T. W. Rolleston.
London: Smith, Elder. 1900. 7s. 6d.

ON the whole we think that Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. Rolleston were right in their decision to include in their anthology a great deal that cannot by any stretch of language be called poetry. What they have done is to put together in one convenient volume specimens of the verse written in Ireland or by Irishmen during the nineteenth century—that is to say, since there came into being an Irish literature in the English tongue: and the result shows more conclusively than could any other demonstration the slow growth of a poetry intelligible but alien to the English reader. After ten years of the Union you have Moore; after a hundred, you have Mr. Yeats, who, as he is immeasurably better than the pet of London drawing-rooms, so he is also immeasurably more national, more distinct. The plump pretty sentimental muse of Moore owns for her children the bacchanalian songs and love lyrics of Lever, Lover, Father Prout and half a dozen other writers of fluent verse, down to Mr. Alfred Graves in our own day—a group stamped from first to last with a suggestion of comic opera. Mr. Yeats and the others with him date back to another origin—to the beginnings of a serious and educated literature under the auspices of the young Ireland politicians, but a literature not political in its colour, though intensely national in its sympathies. From Ferguson, not from Davis or Duffy, came the true literary impetus, and the example of solid, slow-wrought, well-founded workmanship, drawing its inspiration from a real study of the Irish mythology, legend and history. By the side of Ferguson the editors of this anthology rightly put Mangan, for Mangan, though to some extent mixed up with new journalism, was truly a man of letters; not a scholar indeed, for he lacked a scholar's critical instinct, but a mine of book learning, and, of course, a man of genius. But Mangan at his best produced work of an excellence so strange and so new as to be almost impossible to imitate, while at his worst he turned out the cheapest and tawdriest kind of verse, vitiated by all the faults of taste. It was Ferguson with his real culture, his academic severity, and his disciplined strength who gave to Irish letters the models that they required: and yet gave them something that was Irish both in style and subject, owing allegiance only to the ancient epic poets, whether of Ireland or of Greece. The weak point about this volume, in so far as it claims to be representative, is that Ferguson's poetry, being epic in character, cannot be represented by extracts with anything approaching to adequacy. Still here is a passage which should reveal something. Congal, the pagan chief, is on his way with allied forces to war against the Christian rulers in Ireland. But the march of the host is troubled with spectres and at the Ford of Moy-Linny they meet a terrible woman-shape.

"Mid-leg deep she stood

Beside a heap of heads and limbs that swam in oozing blood

Whereon, and on a glittering heap of raiment rich and brave,

With swift pernicious hands she scooped and poured the crimson wave.

(Congal speaks)—"Who art thou, hideous one? And from what curst abode

Comest thou thus in open day the hearts of men to freeze?

And whose lopped heads and severed limbs and bloody vests are these?"

"I am the Washer of the Ford," she answered, "and my race

Is of the Tuath de Danann line of Magi; and my place For toil is in the running streams of Erin; and my cave For sleep is in the middle of the shell-heaped cairn of Maev,

High up on haunted Knocknarea; and this fine car-nage-heap

Before me, and these silken vests and mantles which I steep

Thus in the running waters, are the severed heads and hands
And spear-torn scarfs and tunics of these gay and gallant bands
Whom thou, O Congal! leadest to death. And this, the Fury said
Uplifting by the clotted locks what seemed a dead man's head,
'Is thine own head, O Congal!'

Ferguson lived to denounce the Land League and all its works. The other poets, those of them who are in any way considerable, are nearly all living. William Allingham, well known for one or two of his poems, is an exception, yet his was but a slight talent; Mr. Yeats needs no commendation. Dr. Todhunter has written fine verse notably his "Aghadoe," but the specimens from him are ill chosen; Mr. Rolleston himself, and Mr. Lionel Johnson have done work which should survive not indeed in its entirety but in anthologies—for example Mr. Rolleston's beautiful and stately poem "The Dead at Clonmacnois." But the only poet among men of Irish race who deserves to be mentioned in the same breath with Mr. Yeats is the mystic "A. E." who has written poems that please us better than any of those here selected: yet take from the volume one stanza of a vision

"In the wet dark silver sweet
Down the violet scented ways,
As I moved with quiet feet
I was met by mighty days."

But the catalogue is not exhausted. There is Moira O'Neill, whose songs of the Glens of Antrim have perhaps the freshest and purest lyric note to be heard nowadays; Miss Barlow whose forcible and sombre talent shows as well in verse as in prose; Katharine Tynan, most important of the group by the bulk of her productions and certainly not the least important by their quality; Miss Nora Hopper whose verses have a haunting melody; Mrs. Sigerson who has a queer mastery of the eerie and uncanny in the ballad—together these make up a remarkable group.

The last section of the volume is devoted to specimens of poetry which though written by Irishmen and women in Ireland has no Irish character—the work of Sir Aubrey de Vere (and indeed his son's work might well go in the same category); the accomplished verse of Professor Dowden; some of Mrs. Alexander's poems; and others which could have been better spared than most things in the book—though later sonnets by Dr. Ingram, the author of "Who Fears to Speak of Ninety-eight?" have at least an accidental interest. But completeness was the object of the volume and the editors may be fairly congratulated on the success of the means they took to attain it. Mr. Brooke's general introduction is interesting and judicious, though a trifle florid.

OXFORD ZOOLOGY.

"A Treatise on Zoology," edited by E. Ray Lankester. Part II. The Porifera and Cœlenterata, by E. A. Minchin, G. H. Fowler, and G. C. Bourne, with an introduction by E. Ray Lankester. Part III. The Echinoderma, by F. A. Bather, assisted by J. W. Gregory and E. S. Goodrich. London: Black. 1900. 15s. net each.

"Text-book of Zoology," treated from a Biological Standpoint by Dr. O. Schmeil, translated by R. Rosenstock, and edited by J. T. Cunningham. 3 vols. London: Black. 1900 and 1901. 3s. 6d. each.

SINCE the admirable treatises by Gegenbaur and by Claus were written and translated, the science of zoology has undergone considerable changes. A very large bulk of new facts has been made known, leading in some cases to an extension of theory, and in others to considerable revisions of prevailing ideas. The new views made necessary by such changes have found place so far as that was possible in a number of recent more elementary works or in works devoted to special branches of zoology, but there is more than room for a large and well-ordered treatise on the whole subject. The volumes now before us are the first instalments of a large task to be completed in ten volumes. Professor

Ray Lankester has associated with himself a group of zoologists most of whom hail from Oxford but all of whom are already well known in science for their contributions to our knowledge of the groups on which they write, or are to write, in this great treatise, and it is plain that this publication is to form one of the landmarks in the history of zoological science. From one point of view the large scope of the work, and the breadth and solidity of the workmanship, are almost to be regretted. These qualities make for permanence, and this Treatise is likely to be the basis of zoological teaching for many a year to come. And yet zoology as a science will not stop. The new theory of hospital construction, a theory which as yet has hardly reached England, but which is affecting new buildings on the Continent, is that no ward should be allowed to endure for more than a few years. The inevitable accumulation of microbes, and changes in practice and treatment, make a building less useful or even harmful so rapidly that it is better for the whole structure to be arranged in ephemeral segments, one to be destroyed and one rebuilt every year. Such a rotation of volumes would serve Professor Lankester's Treatise well, a new volume issued, a volume withdrawn every half-year.

This work is addressed to the zoological student and zoological expert, and there is little in it for the general reader. The attempt is made to give a survey of the main facts of the structure of the groups in the animal kingdom, with notice of the families and principal genera. It is inevitable that compilation should play a considerable part in the preparation of the chapters, but by allotting the groups to zoologists who have special acquaintance with them, the editor has secured an independence of survey and unity of treatment which is usually absent in works planned on so large a scale. Of the sections which have yet appeared, zoologists will find those by Mr. Bather on the *Pelmatozoa* and by Professor Minchin on the *Sponges* most distinguished by their luminous handling of a vast material, and containing the greatest advances on earlier works. But while these and similar sections will be studied chiefly by University students, by lecturers preparing general courses, and by those actually engaged on research within the groups, all zoologists are certain to turn at once with a vivid interest to the editor's introductory chapter, which forms the beginning of Part II. In this the deciding character of the *Metazoa* as opposed to the *Protozoa* is made the existence of at least two different kinds of cell-units, grouped into at least two permanent layers. In subdividing the *Metazoa*, Professor Lankester makes the decided step, an advance for some time past increasingly needed, of separating the *Porifera* or *Sponges* from the other groups and classifying them as an independent and sterile branch in the tree of life, a branch which perhaps arose separately from the unicellular organisms. These now become the *Parazoa*, and other *Metazoa* are the *Enterozoa*. The branch *Enterozoa* is divided into two grades, on familiar lines. The lower grade is the old *Cœlenterata*, animals like *Hydra*, the *Medusæ*, *Sea-anemones* and so forth. The higher grade is the old *Cœlomata*, animals in which there is at least one set of spaces in addition to the central digestive space of the *Cœlenterata*; but, with an agreeable pedantry, the old names have been transformed into "*Enterocœla*" and "*Cœlomocœla*," a pair of parallel words which in a useful fashion denote the chief distinction to be conveyed.

Under the old name *cœlom* or *body-cavity* there was included practically every set of spaces, whatever their origin or contents, that lay between the central alimentary canal and the containing wall of the body. Advance of knowledge has brought insuperable difficulties in the way of such a simple interpretation, and, for some time, a distracting confusion has reigned among zoologists in the discrimination and nomenclature of the various cavities. Professor Lankester and his immediate pupils have been large contributors to the new knowledge in these matters, and there is no zoologist who will not read with a deep interest the orderly classification and precise nomenclature applied in this Treatise. The first important conception now made clear is that the *cœlom* is an organ morphologically definite; its origin is to be traced to pouches separated from the enteric cavity and primitively

containing reproductive cells. It may acquire special openings to the exterior—*cœlomoducts*; the primitive mode of origin may be disguised in a large number of different ways; the primitive cavity may be expanded into a series of spaces subserving different functions, and among these later functions that of excretion is notable. Finally, the *cœlom* proper may be secondarily reduced or may acquire secondary connexions with the vascular system. A second set of cavities long confused with the *cœlom* is now to be distinguished as the *hæmocœl* or blood-space. Its mode of origin is still in doubt, but its distinctive nature is certain. The normal mode of its occurrence is as a set of closed vessels containing a fluid, the blood, but it may be greatly enlarged, intruding on the *cœlomic* spaces and forming the general body cavity, as in insects, or it may, in rarer cases, actually break through into the true *cœlom* and suffuse that with blood.

A similar set of confusions are being revealed by further investigation of the excretory ducts, and Professor Lankester has done much to bring order and definiteness into these conceptions. He lays stress on the vital distinction between true *nephridia*, which are tubules primarily developed as the hollows in rows of "drain-pipe" cells such as are to be found in the earthworms and their immediate allies, and excretory tubules developed from the *cœlom*, such as those of vertebrates. The two sets have been long confused. But here, as in the case of *cœlom* and *hæmocœl*, a multitude of secondary changes make the task of the interpreter at once fascinating and difficult.

An obvious criticism may be passed on the very precise and voluminous nomenclature adopted for the various ducts and spaces here distinguished. The admirable presentation of existing knowledge of these matters and still more of the history of the growth of knowledge in the last three decades shows plainly that we are yet far short of finality alike in fact and in theory. Why make so many new names for conceptions that cannot be final? The answer however is plain; the work of different observers cannot be brought into relation unless use is made of identical and precise terminology. Not the least part of the thanks of zoologists to the editor of this Treatise is due to his own contribution to it.

It would be curious to attempt an explanation of the reasons which have induced those responsible for the second book on our list to claim for it treatment from "a biological standpoint." Biology in its derivative and current meaning includes at least as readily the great Oxford Treatise on Scientific Anatomy as this smaller work. In actual fact Dr. Schmeil's volumes are a mixture of extremely elementary anatomy, erroneous classification, and popular "natural history" of the most popular character. The object in the mind of the author is that of associating structure with use, of explaining the relation between the various organs possessed by an animal and the habits of the living animal. No zoologist could quarrel with this amiable intention and it was the familiar inspiration of the natural histories read by our grandfathers. Unfortunately, however, many other factors than those given by immediate utility are involved in the explanation of anatomy, and Dr. Schmeil has to be content with extremely shallow and superficial accounts both of structure and of function. Although the work has practically no scientific value, it affords pleasant reading and should be useful to those teachers who give "object lessons" to children. The translation reads well and the illustrations are adequate.

REFORMATION AND REVOLT.

"History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." By Johannes Janssen. Translated from the German by A. M. Christie. Vols. III. and IV. London: Kegan Paul. 1900. 25s.

THESE volumes cover the brief but stormy period from the beginning of the Reformation movement in Germany down to the final stamping out of the Peasants' Revolt. They were stirring times indeed, when the prevailing spirit of opposition to all existing institutions enjoyed both the intellectual sympathy of

the keenest minds in Northern Europe and, for the time at any rate, that misplaced confidence in brute force which comes with the consciousness of overwhelming numbers. The later German humanists at the opening of the sixteenth century were born fighters to a man. The traditions of the earlier humanism that had slowly filtered through the passes of the Alps from Italy never found in Germany entirely congenial soil. To the Italians of the early Renaissance "German" had indeed been synonymous with "Barbarian." From the time of Petrarch and Poggio it had been the fashion to hold up to ridicule the more peculiarly Teutonic characteristics and vices of those days, and to pillory in elegant hexameters the frailties of the "Tedeschi lurchi" with their "*ventris amor studiumque gulæ somnusque quiesque*." Equally contemptible in German eyes appeared the bloodless fopperies and fantastic elegancies of stylists so famous in their own country as Poliziano and Bembo, "those Apes of Cicero" according to the sneer of Erasmus. And with the development of the Humanist movement north of the Alps broader and more essential differences appeared, for while in Italy the results of classical study tended almost exclusively to scepticism and irreligion hostile alike to all shades of belief, the pursuit of the humaner arts in Germany awoke a new and vigorous interest in theology and a burning enthusiasm to mend rather than end the sapped fabric of the Roman Church. We cannot however entirely agree with the author that the school of Erasmus and Mutian, Luther and von Hutten differed fundamentally from the earlier school of German humanists. The reforming spirit was equally ever-present with both. It is true that the reformers of the sixteenth century used other weapons, but they used them in the same cause. Their spirit was more violently aggressive, but the abuses they attacked were identical. And if they were more outspoken there was the greater need for it, and honesty was in fashion. In Italy in attacking friends and foes, men used the dagger and aimed a side thrust at the heart. In Germany the litterati in their pamphlets and lampoons, as did their disciples on the field of battle, employed bludgeons and smote direct upon the head. Nothing was too scurrilous for publication. Von Hutten's contributions to the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*" suggests a rough and tumble tavern brawl after the manner of Brouwer. The more delicate forms of satire were abandoned. Luther and Melancthon cannot be acquitted of unduly emphasising much that was gross for purely party purposes. But the age was nothing if not virile and hard knocks were the order of the day.

Side by side with this literary and really spiritual movement of the Reformation, ran the more political and social movement which signally failed. The reformers of the Church were asked to go still further. They were expected to revolutionise social and economic conditions and to remove the outstanding grievances of the lower orders just as they were sweeping away indulgences and the invocation of saints. The revolt of the Knights under Sickingen and the rising of the Peasants which followed it in 1525 ended as they were bound to do in disaster. The power of the territorial princes was too firmly established for the issue ever to have been in doubt, however dangerous the first successes and excesses of the peasants may have appeared. Castles and monasteries were pillaged by the insurgent bands, and yet no one among the peasants grew rich. The great ecclesiastical princes had too long sat in receipt of tithe and rent; they must disgorge their gains; the forests must once more be free to those who live in them; political and social liberty should not lag behind religious freedom. So preached Metzler and Münzer, and the "godly slaughter" of the enemies of the people began. In less than a year it was all over. The tables were turned upon the unfortunate peasantry, and their punishment as detailed in contemporary chronicles was pitiless in the extreme. Luther was largely responsible for the origin of this revolt. A wholesale destruction of all cloisters and religious institutions, he had preached, would be the best kind of Reformation, nay, he wished they were already reduced to a heap of ashes. The words were rash, indeed iniquitous, and

the speaker soon repented them. After the movement had been crushed both Luther and Melancthon used every effort to bridle the forces they had unwittingly loosed. Luther at least realised that his Free Congregations must be brought under State control, and the Erastianism so characteristic of later Lutheranism was the inevitable result.

The great merit of these volumes lies in the fact that the author has made the fullest use of contemporary records, and has for the most part contented himself with setting forth the most characteristic passages from the letters, pamphlets, chronicles and sermons of the time without overlaying them with comment or encumbering them with notes. Indeed his command of these materials is evidence not only of the number of existing manuscripts of this period in Germany but also of the most careful research. The book is on the whole well translated.

VERSE TRANSLATIONS OF FRENCH POETRY.

"Anthology of French Poetry (Tenth to Nineteenth Centuries)." By Henry Carrington. London: Henry Frowde. 1900. 2s. 6d.

THE Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco, Dean Carrington's daughter, tells us in a short preface that these translations "were made in leisure hours by one who from his childhood has been as conversant with French and with French literature as with English." They were privately printed in 1895, together with many others, and a separate volume of translations from Victor Hugo was published by Mr. Walter Scott, and has gone through three editions. The pieces contained in the present volume, we are told, were written for the writer's pleasure, and without any view to publication; but "several competent students of French literature who read the privately printed volumes expressed regret that the contents should remain entirely unknown:" hence their appearance.

Now it cannot be said that Dean Carrington's versions are exactly bad, but it certainly cannot be said that they are good. They are done with care and with facility, as a rule in as close as possible a reproduction of the original metres; they are very literal; they shirk no difficulties consciously, though the writer seems never to have perceived the subtlest difficulties of his task; and they are for the most part translations of poems really worth translating. Many of them, if one already knows the original, give some not too remote reminiscence of that original; it is probable that they will convey to those who have never read Baudelaire, Gautier, Ronsard, Villon and the rest in French, some suggestion of fine poetry. But they are never fine poems in English; coming so close to the French as they do in words, and in the general idea of the poems, they fail to indicate just what distinguishes poem from poem, or, indeed, poetry from verse. There is nothing in the world more unlike than the metre of Gautier and of Baudelaire: it is at least as unlike as the metre of Matthew Arnold and of Rossetti. In Dean Carrington's version, there is no difference. The ideas are there, the words are there, the outward structure is there, but that which is at once form and essence, body and spirit at once, has gone. Each is a facile rhymers, with very different things to say, making verses agreeably to order. Take for instance a poem in which Baudelaire permits himself to write more fluently than usual, and read the first stanza:

"A la très-chère, à la très-belle,
Qui remplit mon cœur de clarté,
À l'ange, à l'idole immortelle,
Salut en immortalité."

Now read the translation:

"To her the dearest, loveliest,
Who light into my bosom sends,
Idol and angel, ever blest,
Be health and life that never ends."

How close that is, yet how completely it loses everything which gives charm to the stanza! There is an awkward inversion in the second line, the first line is hardly English, and the exquisite echo of "immortelle"

by "immortalité," on which the whole musical effect of the stanza depends, has completely disappeared. On the next page there is a translation of "Réversibilité" under the title "Transferable Merit." The two most significant lines of the first stanza are these:

"Et les vagues terreurs de ces affreuses nuits
Qui compriment le cœur comme un papier qu'on froisse."

There we find what is most characteristic of Baudelaire: an apparently prosaic statement, something which might be said in prose word for word as it is said in verse, but something which turns suddenly to poetry, just because the imagination is so precise under so precise a form of words. Here is Dean Carrington's rendering:

"And the vague terrors of appalling night,
Which do the heart as crumpled paper try."

All the precision has gone, the metaphor itself has become indistinct, the order of the words is inverted, and the exact shade of meaning which is expressed by "ces affreuses nuits" has become obliterated by the generalised expression "appalling night." In the next stanza but one, "Cherchant le soleil rare et remuant les lèvres," is turned into this hideous line, in order to rhyme a difficult word:

"Seek for the sun with lip that gapes and splits."

And so one might turn over every page of this book, not finding a single satisfactory piece, though finding many pieces which come quite near to being satisfactory. To those who care for what is called a good general level, there may be some use or pleasure in such a book as this. To us it seems somewhat worse than useless. Poetry, unless it be rendered into prose, can only be rendered into poetry. There is some value, of a kind, in the literal prose translation of even a lyric; there is only injustice to the writer and misunderstanding for the reader in a verse translation which is not poetry.

CICERO, PATRIOT AND MARTYR!

"The Letters of Cicero." Translated by Evelyn S. Shuckburgh. Vols. III. and IV. London: Bell. 1900. 5s.

THE batch of Ciceronian correspondence which Mr. Shuckburgh gives us in this third instalment of his excellent translation opens at the beginning of 48 B.C. and ends almost on the eve of Caesar's assassination in 44. It is therefore of immense importance historically, more particularly as shedding light on the motives and conduct of the Pompeian and Cæsarian parties. Careful students of the letters are apt to be distrustful when Cicero touches on any question of motives, particularly his own. But this fact does not diminish materially the historical value of these letters. Cicero is nowhere so transparent as in what he writes just before and after the establishment of Caesar in assured power. Nowhere does he fail more completely in the attempt to put a personal complexion on facts. Even in his stray talk, in his querulous outbursts upon things in general, so much is tangible that we get a very fair notion of the two parties and the policy of the one great man. Indeed it is fortunate for history that Cicero was no Cato, that he had little of the genuine martyr. The genuine martyr makes a poor historian. Seeing only the visionary goal, he is blind to every standpoint but his own, and least of all appreciates the mixed motives of men on the same side. On the other hand, the counterfeit martyr of Cicero's type is just the person from whom we may extract the truth. His martyrdom is self-conscious and there must always be something to provide him with a grievance. If necessary he is quite willing to find the grievance inside his own party. As he invariably publishes his grievances, we learn a great deal, often much more than he intends us to know. But Cicero as historian has a still further advantage. He is not only a past master in the art of giving away those with whom he is allied, he is no less skilful in changing his alliances. In this way we get more revelations. The reticence of the strong man is utterly wanting. Cicero above all things must justify himself. Respect for old associations, respect due however mistaken they may seem to

have been, never closes his mouth. It is not enough to have played the timeserver. He turns upon his former friends with all the animus of a true convert. It never appears to strike him that there are matters on which, having once deliberately espoused a cause, he should for ever after hold his peace. His decision to throw in his lot with Pompey was deliberate enough in all conscience, if delay means deliberation. From January to June (B.C. 49) he languishes at the sea-side in an agony of doubt, waiting like all weak men for something to turn up. During this time he must have had abundant opportunity of finding out, if only from his correspondents, what was really the spirit of the Optimist party. How at length he took the plunge he describes three years later with a curious mixture of frankness and humbug. "Accordingly, overpowered by a feeling of duty, or by what the loyalists would say, or by a regard for my honour—whichever you please—like Amphiaras in the play, I went deliberately, and fully aware of what I was doing, 'to ruin full displayed before my eyes.' In this war there was not a single disaster that I did not foretell." A Cato, though he might have foreseen the evil, would have accepted the consequences of his own decision (once taken) with dignified silence. He would not have added to a confession of mixed motives the airs of a successful prophet. Cicero writes of the Pompeians as if he had scarcely known them before he joined the camp in Epirus. He describes them, in a strain of highly moral disgust, as "so bloodthirsty in their talk, that I shuddered at the idea of victory itself." This of course was when the final issue lay no longer in doubt. During the early months of 47, at Brundisium, he had gone through a second time of agony. The bold front of the Pompeians in Africa suggested a fear that the men he had abandoned might succeed after all. He suffered much from the thought that his well-considered retreat had perhaps been premature. To Atticus he writes (of the Pompeian cause in Africa) "They say that nothing could be sounder or better organised." Two lines on we get the effect of the rumour on his own feelings. "Where can I find any repose except in reading your letters?" Cicero so often amuses us by touches of this kind that sometimes we fail in pity where the pathos is real. In his life at Rome under Cæsar there is much that is really pathetic. The one thing absolutely genuine in Cicero is his almost superstitious veneration for the old constitution. All his life he had watched the machinery in working with the interest of a born lawyer, had speculated on its history with the delight of a born antiquary. When under Cæsar nothing remained but the empty form, the loss for Cicero was incalculably more than we from our point of view can understand. For him it was as though the roots of his own life had been torn up. Nothing of course can excuse the shocking duplicity of attitude in regard to Cæsar himself. But the pathos remains. In one letter he gives his friend Papirius an account of some unwonted gaieties in which he has been indulging. "I have thrown myself into the camp of my old enemy Epicurus." Then follows a description of his "way of life nowadays"—society in the morning, after that literature, for the rest of the day "bodily comfort." But all the old pleasures are tinged with one shadow. "I have mourned for my country more deeply and longer than any mother for her only son." Gradually through the letters we see him weaned away from the public life with its exciting ambitions. He is no longer an imposing figure there. Cæsar dwarfs all. The death of Tullia is another trouble, and Cicero begins to look on most things that had once a personal interest for him with the eyes of an exile. It is here that we get the reserves of his character. Literature and philosophy, the only spiritual refuge then open to exiles, absorb him. Other interests still claim a place in his letters, but they grow more and more impersonal and dispassionate. Now and again the old flame leaps up, but with nothing but memory to feed it dies down very quickly. Some of his most valuable gifts to literature—the "De Finibus," the "Tusculanæ Disputationes"—we owe to these years of disappointment. With Cicero—and his case is not singular among men of genius—the failure of hope was not unfruitful for the world.

The fourth volume, which we have only just received, completes this valuable translation. We have read with interest the introduction, which contains a brief but careful estimate of Cicero's character. It is hardly to be expected that Mr. Shuckburgh, who has lived so long with Cicero, should not find a good deal to say for him. Unanimity on the subject is impossible. The letters make Cicero a living person, and personal sentiment (not entirely reasoned out) is bound to colour our view. Mr. Shuckburgh is to be congratulated on a work which must have cost endless pains. Work of this kind calls for gratitude. It could not be done without that genuine enthusiasm for scholarship which finds reward in the labour itself.

AN AMERICAN ON ENGLAND.

"American Economic Supremacy." By Brooks Adams. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1900. 5s.

"RANDOM Thoughts upon Things in General"

would have more accurately indicated the contents of a little volume which is, with the exception of one chapter, made up of reprints of magazine articles. In its sparse pages are discussions of the sugar question, the respective merits of Scott and Dickens, the blunders of the British army at Colenso, the financial rottenness of the Russian Empire, and other subjects not, to say the least, directly related to the economic supremacy of the United States. Consequently the facts and deductions adduced in proof of the Republic's supremacy are necessarily more meagre than the importance of the subject and the boldness of the assertion warrant. Yet we are far from contending that Mr. Adams has put forward an unjustifiable claim, so far as wealth-production goes, on behalf of his country. The tremendous advance which the United States have made in wealth-production and foreign trade, and now in the accumulation of capital available for loaning to foreign Powers, makes it difficult to contest the assertion of supremacy. The United States are practically upon a level with England in coal production, and ahead in iron and steel production and of course in agricultural output. Their exports, notwithstanding the magnitude of their home market, are now nearly upon a level with ours. Even England, as well as Germany and other foreign Governments, is now borrowing money from them.

This new chapter is styled "The Decay of England." It is not easy to comment upon it, for it contains a number of exceedingly unpleasant truths (for an Englishman's contemplation), with which are mixed a few half-truths, untruths and exaggerations. Other portions of Mr. Adams' book suggest a liking and a respect for England, and, unlike his countrymen in bulk, he more than once frankly acknowledges the indebtedness of his country to England at the time of the Spanish-American war. This gives some point to his animadversions and evil prophecies, though it does not excuse his attacks, for example, upon Mr. Chamberlain, which are couched in the style of any common and virulent pro-Boer orator. The purport of Mr. Adams' remarks is that if, as he contends, England, the world's capital, is declining, "the United States must shortly bear the burden England has borne, must assume the responsibilities and perform the tasks which have within human memory fallen to the share of England, and must be equipped accordingly." So impressed is he with this matter that he writes:—"The great overshadowing question of the hour, therefore, is whether Great Britain is showing symptoms of decay." In setting out the factors in the problem, he writes that "one method of determining whether the world's capital is in movement or at rest is to ascertain whether the population of the country of its apparent domicile maintains its activity relatively to rivals, or whether it tends to become lethargic." Naturally Mr. Adams calls attention to the decay in our agriculture and to the decline in our export trade at a time when our imports are increasing; and naturally he deduces from this that England is prodigally spending instead of saving her capital. This deduction is stoutly denied by the optimistic Cobdenites in this country, but we must admit that they are wrong, and that Mr. Adams is

only too right. In justification of his contention that as a nation we are wasteful and profuse, he quotes some useful comparative statistics. "Americans are not frugal, and still the returns of the savings banks of the United Kingdom, in 1898, showed that the economies of England, Scotland, and Ireland, only exceeded those of the State of New York by about 67 million dollars, while the totals represented an average accumulation of \$136 for Americans, as against \$23.60 for British subjects." This is significant, and is in itself sufficient to knock big holes in the wall of placid optimism which it has pleased certain English economists to build around their country's state and institutions. It is well for the Englishman that an American writer should remind him that "he still looks on American competition as an accident, he still regards his railways as the best, he is still pleased with the results attained at his universities, he is satisfied with the place he holds; he does not care to change. He fails to perceive that beyond the boundaries of Great Britain the methods of organisation and administration have altered throughout the world, while within they tend to fixity." But even more than upon these economic signs Mr. Adams relies upon the story of the South African war in proof of his thesis that England is decaying. He fails to see that though certain events in connexion with that war showed that England had been living in a fool's paradise, the war has been a salutary awakening as well as a symptom of past slothfulness. Mr. Adams thinks that the mantle of England has fallen upon American shoulders; but the conduct by the United States of their war against a much less formidable enemy than the Boers was characterised by blundering and incapacity and a generally much poorer performance than England showed. And how about the Philippines?

THREE NOVELS.

"On the Wing of Occasions." By Joel Chandler Harris. London: Murray. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Frank Stockton in one of his short stories has described the fate of a writer who makes a great success and in all future attempts is overshadowed by it. Undaunted by their compatriot's warning, American writers seem to delight in leaving the comfortable fields wherein their reputation is safe. "Mark Twain" preaches telepathy, Mr. Leland forgets Hans Breitmann to translate Heine and pursue the legends of Virgil through the Middle Ages, and now the creator of "Uncle Remus" publishes a volume of sketches on the great Civil War. His new book consists of a loosely threaded string of incidents of secret service in the Confederate cause. They have the air of being history, or at least they will hardly stand as pure fiction. It is generally agreed that it is unwise to tell a true story as it happened, with a mere change of the actors' names. On the other hand, pure fiction is unduly handicapped if the author insists rigidly on the historical framework as part of the picture. These stories may be altogether fictitious: if so, they are not quite successful. At the same time their interest is undeniable, and something of the romance of a lost cause surrounds them. But is it conceivable that a Confederate officer, holding for several days a secret document containing the key to the Federal plan of campaign, and knowing that he may be seized at any moment, should not merely take no copy of the original, but not even make himself thoroughly acquainted with its contents? The South loses because the original document is recovered by the North, though the officer himself escapes!

"The Story of Ronald Kestrel." By A. J. Dawson. London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Dawson takes an unfair advantage of the critic when he makes his hero a novelist and explains how much adverse criticisms hurt. It is a big question and well worn, but we have never been able to see why a writer who fails to please should claim better treatment than an actor, or a singer, or a general officer. The critic of a novel is in somewhat the same position as a mistress discharging a servant. If the mistress is kindly and dishonest, she gives a bad servant a good character, and vicariously ruins the dinners and the tempers of some strange family. Why should a critic tell the Man

in the Street that he ought to buy a book when the critic thinks he ought not? Ronald Kestrel is a genius who has knocked about the world, and tries to win literary success in London. He "writes himself out." He goes back to Australia and there regains his skill. Incidentally he marries. One is reminded throughout of the "Light that Failed," an important difference between the two books being that Ronald Kestrel, irritating though he is at times, is a gentleman, and the lady he loves is not what used to be called a minx. But only a supreme artist can make the literary life interesting. Kestrel struggling to write in a Bloomsbury lodging wearies, and we are not allowed to see him gathering in the ends of the earth his rough material. There are, however, one or two vivid glimpses of Morocco and Australia. Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp, Ronald's best friends, are well worth meeting. The critical temperament, and the virtuous Bohemianism, as exhibited by them, have seldom been so well described. For the rest, perhaps Mr. Dawson through Ronald Kestrel's mouth doth protest too much.

"The Conscience of Coralie." By F. Frankfort Moore. London: Pearson. 1900. 6s.

If Mr. Frankfort Moore has lost that light touch which made his early books so pleasant, he has gained no weightier qualities. Perhaps his unsuccessful literary wooing of Nell Gwynne preys upon him: if this is so, we would wish him a speedy recovery. "The Conscience of Coralie" is a close parallel to what Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella" might have been had that work possessed humour. In each novel an earnest girl interested in politics is for a time captivated by a pretentious Socialist. But Mr. Moore's "Bernard Mott" will stand upon his own feet: he is an excellent study in satire. Why the publishers should disfigure a pleasing story by stamping on the cover the presentment of a thing like a green caterpillar is a problem. Coralie ill deserved this insult.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The North-American Indians of To-day." By George Bird Grinnell. London: Pearson. 1900. 21s.

It has been demonstrated by the experience of ages that one race can seldom or never be trusted with the rights and liberties of another. And the history of America's dealings with the Indians shows no exception to this rule. At first the Redskins, after the manner of the unfortunate Pacific Islanders, received the wonderful white settlers with friendly hospitality. They fancied that men who had trained and brought over the horse from beyond the ocean, and could hurl the invisible thunderbolt against their foes, must be noble and just, if not indeed divine. They were soon undeceived! The railways spread across the continent, the game withered away, the tribes were pressed back more and more, and finally shut in upon their Reservations. Suddenly, violently, at the rifle's point of a conquering people, they had to pass from the nomadic to the agricultural mode of life, from the wide open air to the germ-producing atmosphere of ill-ventilated habitations. Nor was common justice meted out to them; they were exploited and cheated, they were set to till barren lands where nothing could grow, they were given cattle not knowing how to manage them; under many pretexts, or with no excuses at all, their lands were stolen bit by bit; there was nothing to do, nothing to live for; they became ruined, disheartened, and demoralised; they sat down to drink, and to forget and die. But the conscience of America seems to be waking up; Mr. Grinnell frankly confesses and admits that "the Indians ought to be treated honestly and therefore justly, as they have never yet been treated." The volume contains fifty-five full-page portraits of typical Indians and chiefs. Their natural beardlessness, and striking tribal dress and ornamentation, give to these historically brave and cruel warriors, a strangely feminine appearance, until we look closer and observe the hard and weather-beaten lines that tell of sorrow and of stern endurance. Apart from the splendid reproductions of the camera, there is much in the book of sound common sense derived from practical knowledge. The writer roughly reckons the Indian population north of Mexico, including the mixed bloods, who are described as being a hardy and prolific branch, at 370,000, Canada containing just over the 100,000. Mr. Grinnell considers that with wise and equitable management the Red race may yet have a future before it, and that the great majority of the Indians will respond to generous treatment, and settle down as workers and producers; free and valued citizens.

The "Revue des Deux Mondes" continually astonishes us by the mines of intellectual wealth on which it appears able to draw once a fortnight. M. Charmes devotes himself this month to an extremely able and temperate criticism of the

Associations Bill of the French Government. He regards the election of M. Deschanel as a great blow to the Administration as expressing the real opinion of the Deputies because the vote given was secret; but does not thus argue cut two ways? If the Deputies are afraid to vote openly against the Administration the plain deduction is that they believe their constituents to favour the existing régime. Two other articles bear on this question of the religious orders. The Marquis de Gabriac completes his account of his embassy to the Vatican under M. Waddington and M. Crepon writes ably on the "Right of Association." M. Raphael Lévy has an exhaustive article on the expense of the Transvaal War. He approaches his subject from the standpoint of a temperate Little Englander rather than an Anglophobe. There is a trenchant but fair criticism of Mrs. Ward's "Eleanor" from the well-qualified pen of M. de Wyzewa. How often do our leading reviews devote several pages to qualified critics of leading French novels? Yet we complain that we are thought insular.

SOME FEBRUARY REVIEWS.

It is not often that the reviews cover so wide a range of interesting subjects. As a rule one or two subjects of political import overmaster other themes of perhaps intrinsically greater but less insistent importance. Many of the reviews must have been already in type when the news came of the nation's loss, and very rightly no attempt has been made to write hurried and journalistic panegyrics and dirges. Sir Theodore Martin, whose personal ties of affection with the Queen were close, contributes a sonnet to the "Nineteenth Century and After" and Sir Wemyss Reid in his review of the past month writes a reverent appreciation. Otherwise except for an unremarkable sonnet in the "Fortnightly" discussion of Queen Victoria and the era she has named has been postponed, by those of the reviews yet published, till next month. Army reform is the one common subject, but it cannot be said that any of the writers are very successful when they leave destructive criticism for constructive schemes. In the "Monthly Review" two consecutive articles, on "Army Reform" and on "War Training of the Navy," take up unusual attitudes. In the first Colonel Maude concludes after a close comparison with German and French methods that "under our own system results far better suited to our special circumstances are obtainable than could be hoped for were our conditions to be too closely approximated to the Continental models." This point of view is refreshing after late criticisms, though Colonel Maude agrees in the necessity for immediate reformation. In the point of weakness which he specially selects for attack he agrees exactly with Lieutenant Carlyon Bellairs in his second article on the war training of the Navy. Under present conditions the subordinates in command have been studiously held aloof from responsibility with the result that if the captain should be lost the ships would be left to the command of an officer who had "never once handled a ship or had anything to do with the guns." Similarly in the Army many of the smaller disasters of the war have been due to inexperience of the junior officers in handling men. It is, however, to the credit of the Admiralty that reformation in this respect has already begun. If it were less harassed by the Treasury the Admiralty would do its work well. In the "Nineteenth Century and After" Colonel Lonsdale Hale delivers a not very convincing criticism of Mr. Conan Doyle's theory of national defence, and substitutes a rather hazy scheme in the nature of a ubiquitous "Ordre de Bataille" army capable of manœuvring and fighting the decisive battles." The most trenchant criticism is reserved, as often, for the "Fortnightly," in which Colonel Pennington expresses a hope that "the policy which insists on placing economy before efficiency has at last reached the limit of that endurance which pleasing illusion and misplaced patience has accorded it." Paucity of men and want of range accommodation he considers chiefly responsible for our shortcomings. On a similar subject Sir Charles Dilke in an article written by request for the "New Liberal Review" recapitulates without a single valuable comment most of the "lessons of the war" published from time to time by critics at large.

The "Monthly Review" has in addition several leisurely articles of more than usual value. The chief place is given Mr. Fry's article, the second of the series, on Giotto, very profusely illustrated by photographs of the artist's pictures. It will seem to some that Mr. Fry is a little extravagant in his praise: he calls Giotto with some suggestion of apology "the greatest artist that ever lived" or at any rate "the most prodigious phenomenon in the known history of art;" but perhaps if we consider the standard of art when Giotto began to paint, and contrast, for example, Cimabue's crudity with Giotto's naturalness and grandeur Mr. Fry has full justification. In another illustrated article, two plates illustrating the Emperor Maximilian's hunting book, published in 1499 supply, incidentally, delightful examples of early efforts at perspective. The article which they illustrate is full of quaint detail of the same emperor's hunting experiences. The Chinese interest is supplied by a Chinese fairy story, written by Mr. Laurence Housman. The literature rather than the politics of China is also treated in the "Nineteenth Century and After," where the greatest of all

Chinese plays "Pi-Pa-Ki" is analysed, a play of which "almost every word has become the subject of some note or comment." Even in the short analysis and shorter quotations the charm of the original is surprising—at least to those who have not before looked at life "from the Chinese point of view." In the same review the Assistant Commissioner of Police of the metropolis speaks convincingly of "Our Absurd System of Punishing Crime." The number concludes with a thoughtful article on the most important part of the South African problem: the question of the native races. A criticism of the Higher-grade Board Schools is spoilt by emphasis on mechanical technicalities. Rudyard Kipling's Arabian Nights allegory of Railway Reform in Great Britain in the "Fortnightly" has already attracted some attention. It is humorous and for such work extremely thorough, but like most allegories it becomes wearisome after a few pages. Sir Robert Hart writes on "China and Non-China," and gives expression to the growing sympathy with the Chinese philosophy of life. The antiquity of China, the slowness and sureness of its ways appeals to him. He concludes, putting the words into a Chinaman's mouth, "One fine morning—it may be a hundred, it may be two hundred years hence—a wave of patriotic feeling will thrill through the length and breadth of the land and we shall say 'Now gentlemen you can go home, and home they'll go.'" Andrew Lang writes critically of one of the most thorough and enticing books in the world—Frazer's "Golden Bough"—and those who have incontinently admired the "Love Letters of an Englishwoman" will find an excellent antidote in "Some Eighteenth-Century Love Letters." In one of these the lover recommends his lady to read, among other books, Locke's essay on the Conduct of the Understanding, Bacon's Essays, and a History of the English Constitution!

The new Liberal review is very Liberal. Five writers have contributed their views on the "Liberal Leadership," and the conflicting nature of their views is suggestive of the state of the party. Lord Rosebery, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and even Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman all find an adherent. Mr. E. T. Cook writes pleasantly on Ruskin as a politician, and Professor Dowden speaks highly of Mr. Kipling. The number also contains a "Defence of Professional Football," with almost every word of which we disagree.

"The Law Quarterly Review." London: Stevens and Sons, Lim. January 1901. 5s.

There is no article of exceptional public interest in this review, most of them being of an exceedingly technical character. For example those on the Lessor's Covenant to repair; a curious point as to the rights of the lessees; and on Powers of Entry for securing the payment of rent charges and the rule against perpetuities, will attract the conveyancer by their difficulty. The Seizure of the "Bundesrath" is a study of the international law relating to the seizure of neutral vessels carrying contraband between neutral ports; and the writer Mr. J. Dundas White is of opinion that the German contention that the right does not exist has the support of the English authorities. The articles on Copyright Legislation by Mr. Warwick H. Draper, and on the Merchants of the Staple by Mr. Spencer Brodhurst, are very readable even by others than lawyers. Mr. H. L. Stephen discusses and approves of the judgment of the Special Court in Cape Colony under the Indemnity and Special Tribunals Act which acquitted the soldier Smith charged with murder for shooting a prisoner by the order of his superior officer. It is important as being the first authoritative decision on the position of a soldier who commits homicide in such circumstances. The article on Assignment of Choses in Action by Sir W. R. Anson answers the question of the necessity for consideration for the assignment. The Notes of Recent Cases and the Reviews of Books are as usual a most interesting feature of the Review.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

In Fesseln erster Liebe. By Hans Richter. Dresden und Leipzig: E. Piersons Verlag. 1901. M.3.

This novel is not without power. Its theme is full of possibilities. A heroine vowed to the memory of a dead and unworthy lover, a family feud, ancestral pride contending with commercial greed, these elements under other forms might have furnished a Greek tragedy; or inspired Shakespeare. It is the rendering of the theme that, to our mind, fails. The heroic and the fatal demand intensity, condensation, repression. But the style here is that of a fluent journalist. Amid hours of platitudes the dramatic moments lose their force. The character of Regina herself is fine and interesting. She springs from the Brandensteins, a proud and egotistical stock of provincial squires. A daily devotee at the tomb of her dead lover, she cannot bring herself to love, though she admires, the Graf R. dholm who commands the regiment stationed at Neuburg; still less to betroth herself to her "Twenty-five per cent." cousin Alfred, the brother of her buried idol. Suddenly Eckbrecht, who bears the name of the soldier who was said to have killed that lover in a duel, comes athwart her path. How she struggles with her passion for his noble, generous nature, how she is led to sacrifice, though she refuses to debase herself, through her father's em-

(Continued on page 152.)

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barrassments; how, too, she eventually discovers that Eckbrecht is the slayer of her hero, and only finally learns that the slaughtered man was a base profligate who committed suicide—all this is worth the reading. Devotion, passion, disillusionment are the notes of the piece. And the subsidiary characters are good. The bright practical sister; the serpentine, heartless step-aunt; the hearty, sympathetic uncle. Our only regret is that the piece is not, so to speak, better played.

Am Hof Herrn Karls. By Felix Dahn. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel. 1901. M.6.

These four stories of Charlemagne's Court might be entitled "Prose Idylls of the King." Indeed, in more than one respect, they remind us of Tennyson. In the short series the first is immeasurably the best. The figure of the monk Paulus, who is ready to sacrifice his dearly loved brother so as to redeem his oath to the dead Adelperga, stands out pale and purposeful as a revelation almost of genius. The second is to our thinking the next best. The bluff, jovial and yet stern justice in the gate of the iron monarch strikes one as a northern edition of the qualities of his friend and ally Haroun Al Raschid; while the delicate, devoted personality of his wife Hildegard—at once dainty and resolute—attracts and absorbs interest. But the third story is tamer—even trite: and in the last we become tired of the Aix domestic chronicle. Rochefoucauld said "affected simplicity is a refined imposture;" not for one moment do we tax Herr Dahn with this foible. But the modern craving throughout art for the "Primitive" is somewhat liable to the abuse. Tennyson himself is not devoid of it; and we cannot also help feeling that Herr Dahn, like Tennyson again, has an under-current of motive. All this glorification of autocratic masterfulness subserves the Hapsburg, and the present German Court tendency. The breath of the eighth century is not to be caught again. It is too strong, too certain, too simple for a generation as complex as ours. But, at all events, Herr Dahn escapes the mysticism of Maeterlinck. In his interpretations lurk no symbols. All is massive, direct, restrained, distinguished. The style is more that of a Greek tragedy than of a Frankish record. All the same, we could not, as we read, help regretting that Heine had never treated so congenial a theme. The "subjective" style is the only convincing one to modern ears. Men want to view the perspective of the past in the atmosphere of the present. But we desire neither to cavil nor to lecture. It is the strength of this short performance that has suggested our reflections; and we are grateful to the author for a piece of genuinely creative work.

Laskaris: eine Dichtung. By Arthur Pfungst-Ferd. Berlin: Dümmlers Verlagsbuchhandlung. 1901. M.2.40.

This is a labyrinthine "poem" in "Don Juan" metre. There is next to no action in it; but reams of moralisation. Laskaris the young starts with Philaethes the old on a voyage of discovery from Cyprus. We are sorry that they started: and why from Cyprus? They halt at various places and ejaculate volumes of emotional platitudes. Eventually they meet again. We are treated to Dresden and Poland; several ladies, beginning with Aphrodite; and a child or so. Hardly anything is done; and the sentiments are very old. "The sort of Cantos that line portmanteaus." And there are 252 pages! "Think of it," wade "in it then, if you can!" "Lang" is German for "long." "Langweilig" is German for—this production;—and life is too short. So is temper.

Bühnen-Geschichten. By Hartl-Mitius. Dresden und Leipzig: E. Pierson's Verlag. 1901. M.2.

A smoking-room book; certainly not a drawing-room book. And yet these light stories of light people are not insignificant. Seldom do they ridicule their themes. In their occasional unpleasantness is human nature. Two of the romances—both tragic—strike us as really forcible. One is "Gretchen;" the tale of a girl rescued from suicide by a disinterested merchant: she becomes a great "prima donna" only to be fatally injured on the stage at a supreme performance of "Faust," and to ejaculate how far better it would have been to let her die painlessly at first in the river. The other, the story of a ballet-girl, who also attains operatic celebrity and a brilliant marriage, but commits suicide from absorbing love of her husband. The style throughout is trenchant and unpretentious; of the French school, though perhaps without the French touch. But the work is not inspiring; it is redolent of nerve-pessimism; and we hope that its author will essay a higher and a longer flight.

Jugenderinnerungen und Bekenntnisse. By Paul Heyse. Berlin: Wilhelm Hertz. 1900. M.6.

We confess to some disappointment. Paul Heyse is poet, novelist, always artist. He is already classical in Germany; and we associate him with perpetual charm. It is just this charm which to some extent this volume lacks. What interesting people and things the author must have known and seen; what fascinating recollections descend to him by inheritance! His father was tutor in the Mendelssohn-Bartholdy household, and the son might well have vouchsafed us another glimpse of that distinguished family. Then, again, he was eighteen during the ferment of 1848 in which so much talent was fatally engaged. Of these things and their like we glean nothing. He begins with his own family—the old scholar-line of his patrician father, the older "aristocratic" house of his Jewishly descended

mother. The account of the Saalings both in Berlin and Frankfurt is romantic. They were all clever and all comely. Not without reason does Heyse speak of his own "West Oriental" temperament—a phrase which the present writer may be pardoned for saying he used as far back as 1881. Of his early education he speaks much. Of Geibel, fifteen years his senior, and of Kugel at Berlin; of his college friend Abeken, of Professor Bernays in Bonn. There are distant glimpses, too, of Hegel, and later of Lassalle. That "Italian journey" so inevitable in German autobiography follows. He sees much of artists and art; but names like "Mühr" and "Pollack" do not mean much to English ears. A few beautiful eyes are introduced—how many more the handsome young student must have met! And those of an English lady at the Carnival inspire him to write the following tolerable attempt in a foreign language:

"Such is old Carnival's stern sentence,
After short joy long sorrow and repentance.
Fresh flowers, sweet confetti, sweeter eyes,
Are, in his lovely malice, his allies.
And the poor victim makes—O irony!—
A trophy to his own fair enemy."

Gregorovius too, the historian, and Burckhardt the archaeologist, come under personal review. Then we pass to "old Munich and King Max" in the 'fifties with Bodenstedt the poet and a royal interview as accompaniments. Kaulbach the painter also figures; and the first compositions of the young Heyse are duly chronicled. A club of "Literati"—The Symposium—and early dramas succeed. The Tyrol and Vienna close the "Recollections." The "Confessions" form a separate episode. In these there is no spice either of Rousseau or De Musset; nothing either psychological or sentimental. A "first-love" story, many friendships and much endeavour pervade them. He premises justly that an analysis of his own compositions profits the world as little as the author; and he cites Goethe's

"No verse of mine by vaunt was tainted.
What I have painted I have painted."

Instead therefore of disclosing the springs of inspiration, he gives us little lectures on lyrics drama and his development of the novel. His own works are introduced into all of these, but we are only allowed to survey them from the outside. On the whole the book strikes us as mere memento. It is devoid of atmosphere; and gives one the impression of a careful selection from old diaries rather than a spontaneous outflow of an aspiring soul. For aspiring—true to the Homeric motto of *αἰὲν ἀπὸρρέω* which his father inculcated—Heyse has ever been. But the volume is no exception to the rule that autobiographies are seldom satisfactory. Great men are best revealed either through their own works and letters, or by the sympathetic treatment of posterity. Very few can compose their own epitaph; or, having done so, hope to detain the bystander. A few contemporary compatriots may be pleased, but Europe will hold aloof.

Auf Irrwegen. By Jonas Lie. Translated from the Danish by Mathilde Mann. Munich: Albert Langen. 1900. M.4.

We are glad that its German dress enables us to introduce this latest work of the great Danish author to a public so unfamiliar with him as ours. We can only say that it is a marvellous work, at once realistic and ideal. It depicts the will-o'-the-wisp of speculation as a luring and possessing demon. Faste Forland, the hero, is a young architect tingling with ideas. He has a rich miserly uncle, whom he persuades to lend him a sum for his great enterprise, the conversion of the sea-town into a watering-place lit by electricity. But these high plans are only a vent for his restless, ambitious and versatile brain. It is the *idea* that holds him. He is gradually and reluctantly led through the slippery mire; and only after the awful crash which desolates his native place touches firm land again. His good genius is Bera Gylling, whose deep, loyal nature is portrayed with surprising force; so is that of the cynical uncle; and of the mother who "believes with one hand and reflects with the other." The people are all commonplace in their surroundings, but the author proves that nobody is hackneyed when really comprehended. Human nature is here unveiled from the inside and not, as too often, paraded from the outside. We look forward eagerly to the next work of this master.

The January number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* contains a most interesting paper on the late Professor Max Müller by Lady Blennerhassett, who writes as well in her own German as in her acquired English. And there is also an article on the curious album collected to defray a doctor's fee at the Frankfurt Congress of 1848. It was presented to Saxe-Coburg by Consul Gerson, and contains many lights by many leaders.

The *Neue Deutsche Rundschau* comprises a striking prose-poem, "The Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins," by G. D'Annunzio: we presume it must be a translation; also an essay by J. Wassermann on "The Art of Style." It is rather late in the day however to analyse the requisites of what after all depends on fine native aptitudes. *Die Nation* for the second half of December has an article by T. Barth on Field-Marshal Blumenthal.

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